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Esquire

THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN

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PUBLISHER'S PAGE

Tracing the shadow
of a coming event

Elsewhere in these pages the last couple of months you have seen the news that this October *Esquire* will devote an entire issue, longer this year, to sports in America, or to use the terms our promotion department has coined, "the United States of Sports."

Those who have made this magazine's acquaintance only recently may be surprised at this choice of topic for our next extra-special issue, particularly since it will serve as next October's "season" to our whopping anniversary issue of last October.

What many people have forgotten about *Esquire* is that from its very beginning one of the major tenets of its fundamental philosophy has been a continuing preoccupation with the whole sporting scene. In the very first issue, back in the Fall of 1935, there were articles by such icons of American sports as Bobby Jones on golf, and Gene Tunney and Jimmy Leonard on boxing, as well as Elmer Hickox on big-game hunting. Nor has this constant devotion to sport been confined, as some mistakenly have thought, only to the participant sports such as golf and fishing. Over the years it has regularly ranged over the whole gamut of sport, with coverage as varied as from Sherwood Anderson on harness racing to Eric Sevareid on bullfighting.

In fact, "sports" was one of the first words, heading next to "culture," blazoned on our cover right at the outset, by way of indication of what the reader might find inside then, then now, magazine.

Some years back, we devoted what many considered a disproportionate amount of space to one issue in that Johnny-come-lately of the spectator sports, pro football. That was before the Sunday-afternoon violence had become the national obsession into which it subsequently developed, belatedly justifying the judgment of our editors. From the way things are shaping up now for the October issue, it appears likely that some similar proportion may again be evidenced.

Sport, according to the unadorned Webster's, is "any activity or experience that gives enjoyment or recreation; pastime; diversion." Considerably further on down, after the definition that have to do with industry and biology, it offers this one: "amusement; trifling; or play," but it brackets it as obsolete, a circumstance of which our editors will undoubtedly take due cognizance.

Going beyond even the broadest of dictionary definitions, sport may be characterized as anything you would rather do at a given moment than anything else you might be doing, or even are supposed to be doing. Usually, sports are activities pursued for their own sake, and not for any financial gain or other personal benefit. The unpopularity of betting and the present animosity of professional sports have both tended to blur this ideal. And Women's Lib has come along to confront the notion, so long regarded as truism, that sports are in fact as soap opera to women.

But however broadly or narrowly you may define sport, it certainly is one topic that may be presumed to be of permanent interest and of maximum stability at a time when virtually everything else is in a state of flux. Its paradoxical, static essence of a sporting event is the uncertainty of its outcome, that as a topic for a special issue sport is a better bet to "stay put" than almost any other you could name. The upcoming October issue has every chance to be of as lasting interest as the past October issue that it even now undergoes transformation into a Mickey hard-cover book.

These special issues are built on a separate track, so to speak, next to hot sport from the regular editorial production line over which the normal monthly issues proceed toward their various deadlines. And they are characterized by an unmoderate amount of tinkering and rehearsal, right up to the moment the last whistle blows. At this distance from the deadline for October, about all we can tell about it for sure is its tone, or call it playing field, as an editorial package. But that tells right now as the equivalent of four average issues of the leading sports magazine on the stand.

If the experience with last October's jumbo issue is any indication, there could be neither jam pile for copies, with the consequence that nobody but a subscriber could be really sure of getting one. This isn't to say you have to subscribe to get one, if you aren't already a subscriber. Presumably you could always take a chance on waiting for the hard cover, but it is to forecast all of letters, about five months from now, complaining that this was one more shortage about which nobody took the trouble to issue any warning.

Consider one last word

—A. G.

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Mother's Day, May 12th

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Announcing a revolutionary method for controlling problem perspiration. The Mitchum Method.

What makes you sweat?

Life is sweet. When you use your energy, you sweat. The very act of breathing is a form of perspiration. (Ever notice the frosty vapor you exhale on a cold day? That's sweat.)

There are glands throughout the body whose main job is to release water. However, for our purposes, we are concerned only with the sweat glands in the major problem areas, underneath the arms.

These glands produce a clear, odorless liquid. But when bacteria on your skin come in contact with this liquid, perspiration often develops. Some people sweat more than others. Increased effort, nervous excitement—and the glands start gushing. Now while it may be socially acceptable to stop one's brow in public, mopping up deodorant armpits presents a problem.



How do
you **know**
you have
problem
perspiration?

Those stains under the armpits that eventually eat into your clothes. That feeling that you want to keep your arms very close to your body. That moist, uncomfort-

able sensation that seems to attack you more than others. Men or women, if you think you have a perspiration problem, you have it. It's as simple as that.

How have you been coping with problem perspiration?

You've probably been using anti-perspirants instead of just plain deodorants which merely mask odor. You follow your morning habit of applying your favorite-of-the-moment anti-perspirant. You even apply it again if you're going out later on. Every time you shower or bathe, you automatically reach for your anti-perspirant. And still, comes a crisis, there's always that doubt.

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The Mitchum Method is as different from others as night and day. First of all, you apply it at **NIGHT** before you go to bed. That's the recommended MITCHUM METHOD. Now just in case you think there's madness behind this method, let us explain why.

You perspire, of course, while you sleep. But certainly not as much as during your most hectic time of morning, afternoon or evening. When you apply Mitchum Anti-Perspirant at night, you're giving to two anti-perspirant ingredients a whole night's time to work their benefits into your skin. You're pre-conditioning your skin to cope with the stress and strain of tomorrow.

In the morning, you can shower and rush off to the day's activities. And feel protected all day.



Does Mitchum
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Absolutely not. If you're wondering where all the perspiration goes after your skin has been treated with Mitchum, we would like to assure you that your perspiration goes out—from other pores in your body. All Mitchum anti-perspirant does is gently re-direct it. It doesn't get clogged in your underarm pores. It just leaves by other less problem-causing "exits." So don't believe that old wives' tale that if you help stop your underarm perspiration, you're "interfering with nature." Or that terrible things will happen to you.

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The answer is yes. Unless you have some specific allergy, Mitchum Anti-Perspirant works so effectively because it contains high percentages of aluminum chloride and aluminum chlorohydrate (the two best anti-perspirant ingredients). However, these two chemicals have been buffered—treated in a very special way—to make this product mild. To avoid irritation of the skin Mitchum does its work gently.

Use Mitchum four consecutive nights and then only as needed.

Of course, you may use Mitchum Anti-Perspirant anytime of day you prefer. But we strongly recommend you use it at night, because that's your body's quietest, most receptive time. However, since some nights are less useful than others, we suggest you use your Mitchum Anti-Perspirant for the first time four nights in a row. And then, even if you skip a night, you're still protected the next day.

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Just pick the form you prefer. But use it at night. Then say good night—to problem perspiration.



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**Kodak Carousel
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in Enigma where I have been a subscriber for many years." The letter is dated (he says).

Because of my ill-fated experience reviewing books for Harper's, I get stuff addressed to Nelson Aldrich, Harper's magazine at my rental postbox number in Connecticut. I get books sent to Malcolm Muggeridge at my address here in Florida. Whenever George Brander Inc. publishes a book they especially want to reach, Edwin Sweeney, the editor-in-chief, writes me a letter as Ross Tillo: "Dear Mr. Tillo," these letters begin.

Because I once mentioned that I might lobby in a book for Boushara Griffin on the West Coast literary scene, I got some friendly letters from out there. A man named Gerald Lucidin, for instance, who teaches at California State University Long Beach, sends me everything he publishes. It all comes in five-by-eight-inch micrographed and stapled booklets, each one carefully numbered for collection. There's a book of his short stories, called *Locked in with Gerald Lucidin*, which is something you'd actually rather not be, given the picture of his face on the cover of this booklet and the picture of his behind on *Sins of Papa*, his second collection of poetry. Most of these stories have been published in *Serotonin*, *Transcendence*, *New Orleans Review*, *Mag*, and *Clayton Roof*. The totally unexpected thing is that these stories are really pretty funny or clever or spooky or something—except, even more oddly, for the first one, "The Hippie Shark," which was published in *Western Massachusetts Review*, reprinted in Martin Fiebig's *The Best American Stories, 1972*, and is "masterful" and "profound." I don't want to work in a restaurant; these stories, it's just that they're so much less than you'd expect them to be, given the format and the Southern California aspect of it all.

Letter here from Rosalie Brody: "Dear Mr. Tillo, All of us at Crowell are so enthusiastic about *The River Gods Walk*, a novel by R. L. Gordon, who writes for *The New Yorker*." There's a quote: "... a helluva good read."—*Publishers Weekly*. "I start reading the whole *Publishers Weekly* description and it seems to be a fairly pleasant surprise anyway. In fact, that's how the *P.W.* forecast reads: 'Needly great literature, but a helluva good read.'"

This same Rosalie Brody had written me a couple of months earlier (what I guess we were on first-name terms). "Dear Ross, This is one novel I would truly like you to read—*Rest, Retain*." The one card Rosalie truly wanted me to read was *Let's*

**"I don't drive the car for the prestige.
I drive it for my own feelings
of satisfaction." Robert Orr, D.O.**



Dr. Robert C. Orr, ophthalmologist and surgeon in Detroit, Michigan, talks about how he feels about cars in general and Cadillac in particular. He presently owns a Fleetwood Brougham.

"I like a big car. I like the style of the Fleetwood. I've had friends of mine who had Cadillacs mention that they are good riding cars, and I find this to be true. I believe in buying a big, substantial car that also has weight to it, because, on a trip I want to be in a car I feel comfortable in."

"I've had some long distance rides with the car and it's very satisfactory. I've been down to Florida with it, with the whole family in the car, and I couldn't expect a nicer trip."

"I don't drive the car for the prestige. I drive it for my own feelings of satisfaction. And there's another big factor, and that is I feel that a Cadillac is worth the price. To figure it out statistically, I'm in the car between 12 and 15% of my waking hours. And my feeling is that I want to drive a comfortable car."

On the question of age, he said, "I see no differentiation between a young person or an older person driving a Cadillac—whether it's a Fleetwood Brougham or an Eldorado."

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If your musical tastes are too particular to join just any club, then MUSIC OF THE MONTH is for you. Choose the 4 introductory selections you want and mail the coupon today—we'll bill you later for just \$1, and you'll be on your way!

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Antoinette Cleopatra.

The same means, at present, a lot of cops. Why cops are put another study, the reflexions of a love-a-copster ethic, fictional, simplified solutions to real and complex problems; but not as an overexposure of Richard Nixon may prove undeniable, a superfluity of cops will create voyeur interest. Yet some will remain like Theo Kojak. For now, we have two cops partnered in a car who give birth to two in a helicopter. The same but different. An older cop with a younger cop in Hawaii, a similar pair in San Francisco, where is yet another series the commissioner-cop in Rock Hudson with an adoring wife and father-in-law. There is the private-eye cop with a black secretary and one who is a gourmet. Neither walks nearly as well as Garolito-Kojak. There is the big-city cop who puts on diagrams and another big-city cop who wears only a raincoat. We have the philosopher-cop in the early West who mutters things like "Life is a series of chances" while grunting pounds out with his baton, and a doctor-cop in the contemporary West who averages both ways. There is a black private-eye cop and a cop who sits in a wheelchair, another admits to being crippled. For a while there was even a blind cop who was blinded or maybe fell down a manhole. There is now a cop who met six million dollars to build, while he's not exactly a cop, he isn't properly a power, which somehow creates a balance. For more balance we have the W.A.S.P. actor claiming in character to be a Pole with a Czech-sounding name, and the actually Greek actor and character with a Slovak-sounding name. All these cops are in varying degrees compassionate, sometimes fanatic. That's real. Not one steals or is on the pad, which is surreal. The best of them, Theo Kojak, may take money, but wouldn't alone cost more than he costs legitimately. Two to three times a day Theo Kojak changes four-hundred-dollar outfits. Bush a day! Tourist. Most of the other cops are losers, an honorable state going back to Hammett's Continental Op, who didn't even have a name. Cops must operate out there, involved with strangers in trouble, and a family can only be a drag, not to mention a running and generally unnecessary expense in a TV series. Kojak, however, not only has a large and devoted on-screen family, but Telly's brother George plays a character named Stevens and is also listed in the production credits.

Out of all these cop series and similarities, with diametric differences, how then does one, Kojak, rise above to become a solid hit, a joy to watch? The answer, of course, is

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Telly Savalas, a first-rate actor, who is worth cherishing as he builds a character so real and truthful that one forgets he is not another cop in another cop series. Savalas has the robust talent and acquired technique to allow him to create character. In his earlier, riled-up New York, Telly has shown his culture and talent, he was much of himself in the part, not the easiest chore for any actor. How much water it is to hide in another person. He has observed well over the years, in them and personality. Kojak is the counterpoint. New Yorker Alex Savalas has the presence of a real actor, the situation when he is on screen. Here is a whole character happening before your very eyes; as an actor Telly is working harder than anyone else in the room. He has not settled for "Colombo-like" misadventures. An old rascal, a cigar butt, something and something are the first elements an actor may add, but these are externals that, while perhaps useful in characterizing, are not absolutely necessary to shed a human being.

To be complete, a first-rate actor must be able to bring both danger and vulnerability to a character, both of which Telly Savalas clearly understands and artistically is able to transmit to Theo Kojak. An actor can easily confuse his own's impulse, his reviewer and a script which on the final page has him pursuing the perpetrator as a suspect to an Italian of danger; but circumstantial leads have nothing to do with a need to convey emotional thrust. Can the actor start his will, selfishness or not, against an unending antagonism? Can he demonstrate that he will hold love? At the same time he is himself vulnerable to the needs of others, not to be like a normal that? The actor's art is to create a character, described their craft as a *formless* pursuit. What kind of man dresses up in costumes and plots his journey? More important, what kind of man is called upon to respond publicly and on one to others' emotional demands, even if the author calls for it, to cry? Even to give it? Well, culturally and subliminally not many men can do that, which is why there are so few first-rate actors, which is why it is no waste of time watching Telly Savalas as Theo Kojak. Though he's not yet had to cry, you just know he could, with the loss of not a single machismo point.

Viewing the small-screen Theo Kojak one might wonder how much is the real Telly Savalas, how much has been invented, how much will eventually merge. The year for New York speaks in perfect, it may be illuminating to know that before he be-

came an actor Savalas was a translator at the United Nations. Less educated than Savalas, Kojak is more eloquent, and Telly has said, "If you hear a guy saying this West Thing, that's about it, my mother-in-law." Yes, that exact. Further, one suspects that, although co-workers unanimously produce "Telly is a doll," Kojak is slightly less arrogant than Savalas, whereas Savalas is less outwardly vocal than Kojak. After all, Telly is married. Theo is not. With the image of Theo Kojak as a completely bald, middle-aged man with, let's say, irregular features, one wonders and asks Telly about Kojak's weariness. Moving toward the inevitable merger, Savalas is getting to tell more and more like Kojak as the identification grows stronger. "They still have a head on my way now and then," Savalas-Kojak answers. "I'm a cop in New York. I'm surrounded by gorillas. Maybe it's only a brother or a sister man, but he's gotta have eyes for me." A pause. "I gotta change my image." Later, "he goes on, 'Kojak will suck a lollipop. I mean, if some broad gives him a box of lollipops, then he'll suck 'em'."

Okay, so there may be an appeal for candy freaks, but can Theo Kojak be all things to all people? If Telly Savalas is completely at ease with the international look-on set, and be so, then Kojak on the other hand may presently show resentment to Park Avenue types. Here is possibly an error, even a flaw, a slight low to "The same but different." Both Kojak and Colombo are produced out of the Universal studio, and by confounding exclusively wealthy perpetrators, Park-Colombo has become some kind of folk hero, a symbol for the myth that even the mighty are to be brought to heel. Has this kind of commonality crept into Kojak? If so, it's a false one. Where Colombo is actually delishious operating actively, and reality in a life man, Theo Kojak is far superior. His bespectacled wardrobe is so affectation; he belongs in those suits. What's more, he teaches criminology in college, he knows. He is authentically New York type, he wears shades indoors like he wears them on the street. The fact is, Theo Kojak is a real cop, but more to the point, if Kojak can be empathetic with the lowest kind of hoodlum-addict, he surely can be tolerant of such millions more.

Speaking of flaws... but not really a flaw, more a funny thing. Theo Kojak is a master at what could be called the *Comar* Threesome, all *Comar* Threesomes must be measured against the three-chase. It was written by Garson Kanin in the pilot film of Mr. Broadway, a short-lived

series of some dozen years ago. A publicity hack with pretensions, Mr. B was played by a standstill by actor Craig Stevens. Gliding one day into his fancy New York office, on his way to his personal body secretary, Stevens was heard to murmur, "Get up a screening of the new *Fellini* film for the White House." That's a *Comar* Threesome. In Kojak's case the *Comar* Threesome not only helps establish his authority but does away with a lot of procedural chapters, like the ordinary police work that in reality catches perpetrators. Two bonus, so Theo Kojak will say to his underlings, usually on credit estimates, "Cover every precinct in the borough." Or, "I want roadblocks thrown up around the tri-state area." Or, "Send out a subcommittee A.P.B. on that guy." Maybe I'm exaggerating, but not by much. The point is we never see the results of these orders, because neither we nor Kojak have time for the details of police work. And it's better that way.

The character of Theo Kojak was born some years ago in the head of writer Abby Mann, an Oscar winner for his script, *Requiem for a Nun*, by Norman. Inspired mainly by social theories, Mann did write a feature screenplay, using real names and facts, entitled *Justice in the Back Room*, which was based on the Justice White recorder and the George Whitmore trials. When the script did not sell as a feature, the idea evolved at Universal studios to make the picture as a one-shot, three-hour TV special, a daring notion in concept and cost. First offered to NBC, the project was turned down as too controversial. CBS accepted the idea, even with the real names, later changed its corporate mind and acquired the piece for summer television. No matter: it was CBS that wanted, demanded, Telly Savalas to play one of the leading parts, the sympathetic cop, with the propulsion of a possible series.

Then working in Europe in last cinematic feature pictures, Savalas was making money, enjoying himself, and not troubled by the TV offer.

"When they said I should come back to America to do a special that might become a series, I said *forget it!*" Telly informs an interested party. "Who needs a series? My agent Jerry Steiner said I'd just do the special, postponed as the series would never sell. I still didn't want to do it, but then Jerry died, and I felt I owed him one. So I came back and did it."

Retitled *The Marooned Nelson*, *Marooned*, the show was a smashing success of last season, as partial compensation for all complications, Abby Mann won an Emmy for his last dramatic script of the year. His can-



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TALE OF THE FOX

BY AUDI

Once upon a time, all cars were more or less the same.

Then along came sports cars, economy cars, compact cars, you name it cars.



TAKES
TURNS NIMBLY.

The latest of which is the "sports sedan." Which is supposed to be



STOPS STRAIGHT
IN ITS TRACKS.

a sedan that has sports car features. But how many of them really are, though?

Enter the Fox by Audi: a real, true sports sedan.

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(It also gives you that traction you need to help get you

through the snow.)

It has the same type of rack-and-pinion steering and independent



TROTS
AT 97 MPH.

front suspension that are found on some of the finest sports cars. This allows it to take turns with an agility remarkable for a sedan.

We also put something in the Fox so advanced, sports cars don't even have it yet. A special front axle design that helps prevent swerving when you stop under certain adverse conditions. (Speaking of stopping, the Fox's front disc brakes and radial-ply tires enable it to stop practically on a dime.)

Most extraordinary of all, despite the fact that this peppy little creature's overhead-cam engine can do 0 to 50 in 8.4 seconds and has a top speed of 97 mph,

it has an amazingly small appetite: 25 miles per gallon. Its price is relatively small also: \$3975.*

The interior, we might mention, is relatively large: seats five, comfortably. And it has an amount of trunk space almost unbelievable for a car this size. Its interior, by the way, is fairly smart, too, with things like fully-reclining contoured seats and door-to-door pile carpeting.

If you're in the market for a "sports sedan," try a true sports sedan: the Fox by Audi.

You'll drive happily ever after.



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There's no Canadian more Canadian than Canadian Lord Calvert.

most credit on the screen is "Created by," but Mann does not work on the screen, which is another story. An executive at Universal, who since the success of *Kojak*, has taken to carrying Greek overly basic, encapsulating some of the facts. "The big hero of *Marcus Welles* was [director] Joe Segel, who gave it real form and style. He made incredible but realistic demands on everybody. Joe had to have a cameraman who cost seven-hundred-fifty a week instead of what we generally get for twelve-fifty. That kind of quality carried over onto the screen with [cinematographer] Jerry Zimmerman. Great work all around, but as a result the show is very expensive. Seven shooting days, not the normal six. Sometimes even Saturdays, and you know what that costs. Because of last year's writers' strike the show was four weeks late in the season, but CBS never passed. No talk of who came what it looks and sounds like, let's just get on. Everyone seemed to feel that special care was needed for a show that presented something special. They wanted a hit—and they were right."

When Abby Mann left the project, Universal brought in veteran producer (for *Gunsmoke*) Matt Regan, responsible for "most of the casting" to Jim McAdams. Over the long-distance phone comes the clock of worry beads. "Telly is an absolute doll, never a minute's trouble. It was worth chasing him all over the world to get him. People had to him, said some back and do the special, the screen will never sail. So he came back, it sold, and now he says he's stuck. But he laughs a lot when he says it. He, of course, is the key, but next to Telly, if there's one man most responsible for continuing quality, it's a man whose name isn't even on the screen, Jack Larré. Larré, signed to Universal as a writer-producer, is not interested in a script editor's credit, but, "Daisy script goes through his typewriter. He's the guy who has pulled everything together on paper, provided the backbone, the growth. He's consumed by the show."

And so, finally, the message must go to Jack Larré. Dear Jack: It is important that Theo Kojak, a fine human being, continue to deliver as a person and not, as the rest of his fictional brethren, a man who lives in chaos, or is chased by cars. Let his conflicts remain with other people, not with a gas shortage. For a world ruled by "the same old different," Telly Savalas, as Theo Kojak, a man who lives, loves, courts, gets out cigar smoke, runs across streets holding coffee in a paper cup, dresses good, honors his family—this man may be different enough. —



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THE SOUND AND THE FURY

Review

After reading the article by Gerry Willis (*What! What! Are Young Americans Afraid to Read Kofin, March*) I've been in a mild state of shock. I had no idea that having a child was such a bumper. I've been living under the delusion that I was happy in the life that I live with my lady and daughter.

The people in N.O.S. certainly did come up with some convincing arguments in the wrong column to have a child. They failed, however, to give any of the right reasons for procreation.

God will, I hate to think that we scattered our daughter for the wrong reasons. James Duff Charlotte, N.C.

Opinion

John Remond's marvelously written article on Joyce Maynard (*Maynard's Birthday, Joyce Maynard, Maynard's Birthday, To You, March*) should send textbook psychologists scurrying to their typewriters to begin a new case study: *Madia Ray, Pease Karsdorf, Los Angeles, Calif.*

On-screen hitting

In his article on the Kennelblad yearling sale, *What Are the Super Rich Doing for Fun These Days?*, February, Pete Atholius refers to Wall Street speculator James R. Keene as a "quintessential" of the horse sale. James R. Keene had no connection whatsoever with the association which conducts the sale. It was established years after his death and the name Kennelblad comes from the Kennelblad Club formerly owned by Julia Oliver Keene, who was no relation to James R.

Atholius implies that the victory in the Kentucky Derby by Maynard Prince was the only justification for the high prices paid for him and for his younger brother, Maynard Prince also won the Preakness, and the San Antonio Derby, and a total of nine races in his state, and before he was syndicated for \$1,800,000 his race-track earnings of \$414,200 exceeded his purchase price of \$250,000. His younger brother, Crescent Prince, dominated as being preeminently of his breed, was a champion two-year-old in England, and after retirement also was syndicated as a stallion—for \$1,200,000.

Atholius states incorrectly (and

seriously) that Renee Eschbacher "never won a race," and implies that she was a complete dud. Granted, she was a disappointment on the track, in view of her price, but, notwithstanding an injury before her racing career began, she was sane, was once second and five times third in seven starts—never out of the money. What she might do as a broodmare nobody knows.

William Robertson Lexington, Ky.

Sleeping beauty

I thought I was tired to John Simon's misleading review, but his treatment of Barbara Brentano in his review of *The Way We Were* (Film, January) disgusted me. I am nothing for Simon's personal opinion about Brentano's looks, and how far his diatribe attempts at sophisticated humor in criticizing them. What really disgusted me, though, was his air of my surprise that a man could force himself to bed a woman who is not up to Simon's ideal of feminine beauty.

Why doesn't John Simon stick to reviewing out such vult, reserve matters of immorality as Robert Redford's wearing of the same be-

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ween, and leave the beauty contests to Bert Parks?

J. Wain Sherman, Tex.

John Simon's film review on early candidate, but he has outdone himself in the March edition. The writing is at once witty, informative, and just plain fun, the latter courtesy is even shorter supply than in these days.

Charles E. Glaz Seattle, Wash.

Expense of a busy man

Real Bill's January Fiction column, an apparently casual discussion of the literary community in Washington, Connecticut, is in fact a shabby attack upon me. Tim becomes clear when one examines Hill's relentlessly tendentious comparisons of my circumstances with those of the avowed Peter Benchley, whose favor he appears to be cultivating.

Benchley's crowd-pleaser, *Jaws*, Hill notes, gained a fortune from the popularization sale of subsidiary rights, while my *Pier Stanley*, a decade work of almost transcendental decency published some years ago, "won't bid the success of *Jaws*, to say the least of it." This criticism is

linked to more personal tidbits: "Peter Benchley is tall and good-looking and modest and has a gorgeous wife. Also he was at home! In the *Washington Post* seminars he said 'Jeff Brown'—a joke though Peter had no crump."

My own collected modesty, a thousand times more overwhelming than Peter Benchley's, makes the push difficult to deal with, but I'll try. Under a dim nose light Benchley might be described as good-looking and he is certainly tall, though the pleasing harmony of my admittedly conventional proportions is perhaps a more noteworthy point. And while Mrs. Benchley is indeed a comely woman, she is no match for the radiant beauty of my own wife, a former *Fortnite* favorite still known throughout Connecticut as Queen P/B Go-Born.

Real Hill's qualifications as a tenacious commentator are dubious at best (as *Washington* recalls the awkwardness which led him, during a single season, to break both shins on the local courts). The accuracy of the Simon-Benchley match seem to have escaped him completely.

My state plan, simplicity itself, was to lose the first set while embarrassing my opponent, thus win the next two and thereby the match. All

went well until the third set I had allowed myself to fall behind 2-4 in last-minute refinement, the action being to offer victory, then search it away; here the "leg cramps" occurred. Benchley fell to his knees, prostrate in awe, I placed across the net and saw before me not a snoot, downcast anguish, but Tom-Love-Lustre.

Consequently, I refused the crippled millionaire's barely audible offer to default and showed him to rest. Recovering with astonishing promptness, he urged me to return to the court. Only then did I realize what Benchley's delay had achieved; I was forced now to serve directly into the glare of the setting sun behind him. Blinded, I lost the game, leaving me down 2-6, and as we changed sides she was dropped below the netting. Taking full advantage of the sudden dusk, Benchley served twice into the shadows lengthening about me. Moments later he left the court a winner—with us train of a long

Let me say this, however, that I grade Peter Benchley either his literary or sporting triumphs—or even the addition of his third wife, Milla, whose hands toward me I have moved here to expose.

Jeff Brown, Storington, Conn.

Reggie: 2 mg. tar, .7 mg. nicotine
Marshall King: tar, 0.7 mg. nicotine, no tar cigarettes. TIG Report Sept. 73

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

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The city of Halifax, in Nova Scotia, is at roughly the same longitude as Bermuda, and St. John's, Newfoundland, is more than five hundred miles further east.

But Atlantic Canada is close to Europe in more than just a geographic sense.

It's the people—the Acadian French in New Brunswick, the Scots in Nova Scotia, the Irish and the English in Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island—and it's a way of life they brought with them hundreds of years ago and which even the influence of 20th century North America has failed to change significantly.

An Atlantic Canada vacation can offer you as much variety, as much old-world charm and as much fun as a four-country European tour.

Come and see.

Newfoundland is where North America began.

In the capital city of St. John's and in Ferryland, Trepassey and other parts of the pretty Avalon Peninsula, the accent is distinctly Irish. Further north, in the weatherbeaten villages tucked into rocky nooks along the shore and strung along the narrow inlets they call

"lickies", you hear the soft lilt of Dorset and Devon.

But the dialects aren't modern. Some of the words and phrases in common use are centuries old; part of an idiom lost long ago in Britain.

And all over the Province, people sing folk songs that tell of the countries they came from; as well as sea

shanties recounting hundreds of years of Newfoundland legend and history.

Newfoundland will give you the exciting feeling that you've wandered into the pages of a history book.

John Cabot landed at St. John's in 1497, five years after Columbus found the West Indies. By the time Sir Humphrey Gilbert arrived (in 1583) to claim the land officially for Queen Elizabeth I, it was already a busy port, a rendezvous for the adventurous fishermen of half-a-dozen European nations. If you really want to feel the strength of the links that St. John's has with the past, go there in the spring, when the Portuguese fishing fleet sails in—just as it has every spring for more than four centuries.

Up until 1871, when the last British garrison was withdrawn, St. John's was fought over, sacked and more than once burned. So there are very few really old buildings left. The Victorian architecture that crowds the streets around the boot-shaped harbour gives way quickly to a brighter geometry of new sub-



Hundreds of tiny airports nestle in the coves and "lickies" around Newfoundland's rocky shore. From Come-by-Chance to Nick's Nose Cove, from Blow-me-Down to Joe Bell's Arm, each has a name that reflects the imagination and wit of the fishermen who settled there so many generations ago.





urbs, with modern hotels, office high-rise and shopping centres.

But there are plenty of reminders of the past for all that.

Signal Hill, where the last great battle was fought between the British and the French for domination of the Atlantic coast, is a national historic park, with old fortifications and cannon pointing grimly out to sea. You can't stand up there, five hundred feet above the Harbour Narrows, the fresh Atlantic breeze in your face, without a deep sense of the past.

In 1901, Marconi trailed an aerial from a flimsy kite on this same hill and picked up the first trans-Atlantic wireless message.

Across the city is the field where Alcock and Brown took off for their history-making flight to Ireland—eight years before Lindbergh crossed the Atlantic.

Labrador adventure.

Labrador is part of the Province of Newfoundland. If you want to see something of this haunting "empire of the north", you can arrange an unforgettable cruise from St. John's Coastal Steamers weave their way through mazes of

St. John's is both an early cradle of New World history and the vital, expanding capital of Canada's newest province. Signal Hill may be crowded with memories of brave battles and great events, but the blossoming new city spread out below has no lost sense of history to the future.

islands, passing mist-wreathed cliffs and dodging occasional icebergs to visit villages and settlements that become steadily more remote and primitive the further north you travel.

But if you don't have time for a trip like that, there's plenty to do and see close to St. John's.

You can explore the outposts around Conception Bay, where you'll find a warm, friendly people whose way of life hasn't changed much in generations. Their brightly painted wooden homes, the neatly quilted patterns of gardens and fences, the platforms of split and salted cod drying in the sun are part of a different world in a different age.

You can try your hand at jigging for cod—and whether you catch any or not, the yarns you'll hear while the boat rides the gentle swell will make the day worthwhile.



Nova Scotia is a province of intriguing contrasts. You'll find all the bright lights, gourmet restaurants and fine hotels you could wish for in the cities. But whenever you go, you're never far from sleepy fishing villages, secret coves and soft, sandy beaches swept spotlessly clean by the Atlantic tides.



You can charter a boat at Whittles Bay (just south of St. John's) for a trip to one of the nearby bird sanctuaries to see murres and puffins, petrels and terns wheeling and screaming overhead in countless thousands.

Then there's the whole Newfoundland as a whole to explore. Almost one third of it is water—lakes, ponds, streams and rivers teeming with fighting Atlantic salmon and all kinds of trout. You

won't find finer fishing country anywhere on this continent.

Terra Nova National Park is a 158 square mile natural paradise on the shores of Bonaville Bay—where you might easily see a cruising school of whales.

At L'Anse-au-Loup, on the extreme tip of the wonderfully scenic Northern Peninsula, archaeologists have uncovered a Norse village established by the Vikings around A.D. 1,000. Historians believe that the first child born there must have been the first white person to be born in North America.

By the time you reach Port-aux-Basques (where you catch the ferry to Nova Scotia), you should know every verse of

the "Squid-Jiggin' Ground", you'll probably have learned that Newfie Sprooch has a kick like a mule and you'll certainly have discovered that no visitor to Newfoundland is ever a stranger for long. Nova Scotia. Where else can you still hear Gaelic?

The Scots weren't the first to arrive in Nova Scotia. But when they came, they came in strength. Some 25,000 of them landed between 1800 and 1840, by which time there were very few parts of Cape Breton which had not been settled by Gaelic-speaking Highlanders.

When you tour around the Cabot Trail on Cape Breton (which you certainly must), you'll understand why



At the height of its power, the great fortress at Louisbourg, Nova Scotia, housed more than 4,000 people in an area about as big as 35 city blocks. With the original work orders and carefully kept records of repairs to guide the engineers have been able to reconstruct both the material and the engineering used in the original 18th century structure.

they chose that part of Nova Scotia. The timbered mountains, lush valleys and spectacular seascapes are uncannily like the home they left.

Today, the Scottish heritage is strong over most of Cape Breton and in Pictou and Antigonish counties. You can hear the skirl of the pipes and see the flash of beaver tartan at the Gathering of the Clans each July let in Pictou.

Halifax is the home of the Atlantic Symphony Orchestra and of the Neptune Theatre, which ranks among Canada's best repertory companies in Halifax and in the neighbouring city of Dartmouth (right across the harbour) you'll find a busy nightlife, first-class accommodations and seafood restaurants to match any in the world.



wash (where the street signs are Gaelic and English), at the mid-July Highland Games in Antigonish, at the August Festival of the Tartans in New Glasgow and at the colourful Gaelic Mod Festival of St. Ann's, which is held during the second week of August each year.

Nova Scotians never had any ambition to make their province a melting pot. Not the Scots. Not the Irish and English. Not the

German and Swiss who settled in Lunenburg and made it the most famous shipbuilding centre in the New World. And not the Acadian French, whose descendants live today in a string of colourful communities along the French Shore of south-western Nova Scotia and in villages like Belle Côte, Terre Noire, St. Joseph du Mourne and De Mademoiselle in Cape Breton.

The French were the first to settle in Nova

Scotia. De Monts and Champlain built the Port Royal Habitation (at Annapolis Royal) in 1607—fifteen years before the Mayflower arrived at Plymouth Rock. The Habitation has been meticulously reconstructed and provides hours of fascinating sightseeing. But you'll get more feeling for the early strength of the French in Nova Scotia when you visit the great Fortress of Louisbourg on Cape Breton. Building began in 1720, and by the time they were finished it was a 100-acre walled city—the strongest fortress on the North American continent. Louisbourg was captured twice and finally demolished in 1760. Now it's being carefully restored. You can tour the sumptuously furnished Chateau, visit the museum and watch archaeologists digging in the ruins of buildings



not yet restored. Louisbourg is the historical showpiece of the whole area—perhaps even the whole continent.

Halifax, A perfect blend of old and new.

The Citadel—a moated fortress straddling the heights 270 feet above the harbour—was built to offset the French power at Louisbourg. Today it dominates a city filled with exciting and delightful contrasts. A city where modern steel and glass high-rises blends happily with wooden-frame Colonial buildings. A thriving metropolis which still marks the noon hour with a booming cannon. A bustling commercial centre which still finds time for band concerts in the tree-shaded Public Gardens.

Halifax is the capital of Nova Scotia, and together with its sister city, Dartmouth, is the largest metropolitan

area in the four Atlantic Provinces. Its huge harbour complex has housed entire navies.

But despite its size and commercial importance, Halifax still has a kind of small-town charm. For all its fine hotels and restaurants, its extravagant shopping facilities and unique art galleries, it's still essentially a city of quiet squares and secluded parks. The perfect base for sailors and deep-sea fishermen who like to come ashore to bright

lights and an exciting nightlife.

There are now more colourful cities on this continent.

A paradise for scuba divers.

More than 3,000 shipwrecks (some of them hundreds of years old) have been recorded in the clear, clear water off Nova Scotia's shores. Ships like Le Chameau, which sank in 1725 carrying a cargo of gold and silver and was located off Lunenburg as recently as 1965



If you're prepared to stay out of deep water, then consider a visit to Oak Island, the community of Western Shores, where people have been digging for Captain Kidd's treasure on and off since 1796. In that year, an old ship's block was found hanging from the limb of a huge oak tree over a thirty-foot wide depression. They say the treasure is buried there somewhere.

Nova Scotia is noted for its resorts. The Pines and Mountain Gap Inn at Digby, Keltie Lodge at Ingonish, White Pointe Beach near Liverpool and the Old Orchard Inn at Wolfville to name just a few of the more famous. Whenever you stay in the province, you're never more than 35 miles from the sea, and never far from golfing and sailing opportunities. Before in search of something special can arrange a cruise on the famous schooner Bluenose II. And for people who enjoy ballet, there's a once-in-a-lifetime treat waiting at the Theatre Arts Festival International at Wolfville—where the internationally-acclaimed Bolshoi Ballet is appearing this summer.



They say that if you were to fill Yankee Stadium with Prince Edward Islanders there'd be no-one left in the province at all. Canada's "Garden Province" is so small that you'll come to know it well in a short stay—so busy that you won't run out of things to do and see even if you stay all summer long.



Prince Edward Island. The Million-Acre Farm.

The trip from Halifax to Charlottetown, where you catch the ferry to Prince Edward Island, is very easy and very lovely. But if you're anxious to get there as quickly as possible, the airline service to Charlottetown (the capital) is fast and frequent.



PEI is only 140 miles long and averages about 25 miles in width. From the air, it's a green and brown patchwork quilt of farms with a decorative edging of pink sand and surf. No steel mills, no oil refineries, no big factories and no pollution.

No rush or bustle, either. To someone fresh from a big city, everything (with the possible exception of the buses at Charlottetown and Summerside Race Tracks) seems to move at half-speed.

If you really want to



get to know the islanders, think about staying on a farm for a few days or a week. You'll sleep in the farmer's comfortable guest room, eat enormous meals at his table and (if and when you feel like it) lend a hand with the chores



Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island's pretty capital city, is a place of high-set red-brick buildings and a very English interest in raising flowers in neat, orderly beds.

The island offers a whole summer-hut of celebrations — famous ones like the Lobster Festival at Summerside, the Pufferfish Bash at St. John's and Regatta at Summerside and the Highland Games at Eldon. As well as dozens of village fairs where you can sample the islanders' home-baked pies and lamb-chops happily.



But the big dividend is conversation with the farmer and his family — the still summer evenings spent sitting on his porch, watching the world through his rain, shared eyes.

Tourist information Centres can make all



the arrangements if you're interested. But if you're not, there are dozens of good hotels and pleasant motels in Charlottetown, Summerside and the other towns. And the great thing is that wherever you stay, you're close to

everything the island has to offer.

To miles of magnificent sand beaches. To seaside villages where you can shop for local crafts and charter boats for deep-sea fishing or sightseeing. To the island's many fine 18-hole golf courses. To the come-as-you-are Lobster Festival held at Summerside in mid-July each year. To well-advertised auctions, carnivals, exhibitions and celebrations all over the island. To Malpeque Bay, where acres of oysters are harvested

The New Brunswick coast is washed by Chaleur Bay in the north, the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Northumberland Strait on the east and the Bay of Fundy in the south. But in spite of all that ocean, it's fresh water fishing that has won the widest acclaim. The Miramichi, Nashveak, Restigouche, Nepisiguit and Taboulin Rivers are among the world's great breeders of Atlantic River Salmon. Trout are plentiful and striped bass swim in the rivers flowing into the Bay of Fundy.

every year for gourmet restaurants on the Island and in most of the big cities of North America.

Charlottetown itself is a gracious, tree-lined city. It was officially founded in 1763 and unofficially invaded by two Americans privateers in 1775. They captured the Attorney General, who was later returned, and the Great Seal of the Colony, which was not.

The historic Confederation Chamber of Province House (where Canada's founding fathers met to plan Confederation) is well worth seeing. So is the magnificent Confederation Centre of the Arts. It contains a thousand-seat theatre, a fine art gallery, Grand Hall, library and restaurant. It's the home of the special theatre presentations held each July and August during the Charlottetown Festival.

Imagine having that on the end of a 130 lb. test line.

Une soirée Acadienne. An unforgettable experience.

The ferry from Prince Edward Island takes you to Cape Bretonville, New Brunswick. To the north, is Acadia country. The first

settlers in New Brunswick were the French, who named this part of the New World "Acadia". Their descendants, living along the eastern and northern shores of the Province, contribute greatly to the way of life in New Brunswick and provide a cultural element that is rich and unique.

is expected to participate. To sing, dance and partake of the great variety of Acadian cuisine.

King Lobster Reigns

While the entire Acadian coast is famous for its hospitality, joie de vivre and (especially) gourmet seafood, there's little doubt that the most renowned area of all is the resort town of Shediac with its spectacular beaches. Shediac is the Lobster Capital of the World. And to prove it, Le Roi des Homards (King Lobster) reigns supreme over the mid-summer, four-day Lobster Festival.

Only twenty miles away you can discover the marvelous mascot of this province's personality in the warm, friendly city of Moncton.

New Brunswick's southern shore is on the Bay of Fundy, where the world's highest tides have worn the sandstone cliffs into sculptured masses resembling gigantic flower pots.

These same Fundy tides are also responsible for the fascinating Reversing Falls Rapids at Saint John. At low tide, the ocean is far below the mouth of the Saint John River. At high tide, it's so far above the River that the water changes direction and rushes back upstream with a force that can be felt for miles.

But my roving heart is seaward with the ships of grey Saint John's.

Elise Gierman, one of Canada's Post Laureates wrote these words many years ago to describe Saint John's romantic and economic ties with the sea.

Saint John is built on the traditions and dreams of the United Empire Loyalists who settled on these rugged shores in 1783. A well-planned walking tour (the Loyalist Trail) guides you past most of the oldest buildings in the city—Loyalist House, the old City Market, Martello Tower—to name but a few.

A cultured capital

Built on a gentle curve of the Saint John River, Fredericton is a gracious city of tall elms and church spires, statues and elegant Victorian homes.

Stay a while. You will need time to stroll through the University of New Brunswick campus to find the "Poets Corner", and to catch a Theatre New Brunswick production at the Playhouse.

Visit the Legislative Library, where there is a 1783 copy of the original *Democracy Book*, as well as one of the very few sets of Audubon bird paintings in existence. Don't pass by the Beaverbrook Art Gallery, which houses a priceless collection of paintings, including major works by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Turner, Kriegerhoff and Dali. And finally, there's shopping for hand-crafted treasures, not just in Fredericton, but almost everywhere you go in the Province of New Brunswick.

Pottery and wood work, pewter and hand-blown glass, the famous Madawaska weavers in St. Leonard, fine woven textiles and tweeds in Capetown; and hand-made silver jewellery in Sussex.

Magnificent reminders of a wonderful vacation.



Fishing for Bluefin. A thrill to last a lifetime.

Most of the Island's tuna boats are berthed at North Lake Harbour, a short, scenic drive from Charlottetown on the King's Highway.

You'll find that you really don't need to be an expert fisherman to enjoy the sport. Nor do you have to be rich. The \$100-a-day rental cost (which includes bait, tackle and all the expert advice you can handle) can, if you wish, be shared with five other fishermen. Everyone gets a turn in the chair.

The smallest Bluefin landed last year tipped the scales at a little over 500 lbs. The world's record was taken in these waters (as of October 73) weighing 1120 lbs.

Wherever you go in New Brunswick there's a marvelous sense of antiquity of timelessness of permanence. You're conscious of it in the quiet little towns, in the serene old villages and perhaps most of all, in the gentle faces of the people.

They're delightful, hard-working people, with a tremendous capacity for enjoying themselves. Their parties (soirées) are public affairs. The entire community and everyone else who chances to be in the neighbourhood





The sign at the border says Welcome!

If you're a U.S. citizen or permanent resident, you don't need a passport to come to Canada. Or a visa. But to avoid possible delays, bring something to establish your identity. If you're a native-born U.S. citizen, for example, bring your birth, baptismal or voter's certificate. If you're a naturalized citizen, bring your naturalization certificate. And, if you're an alien resident, bring your Alien Registration Receipt Card (U.S. Form I-151).

Anything to declare?

Generally speaking, you can bring anything you need for personal use. But you can't bring things to sell. You can bring 50 cigars, 200 cigarettes, 2 lbs. of tobacco and 40 oz. of alcoholic beverages (or 34 oz. of beer, but not both) without paying duty.

If you want to, you can bring a duty-free supply for everyone in your family. If you're driving a car, you can bring a full tank of gas and the sense for an

outboard motor

You can bring fishing tackle, boats, camping gear, sports equipment, radios, portable TV sets, musical instruments, typewriters, electrical appliances and cameras. But if you do check in with things like that, you'll be expected to have them with you when you check out again.

Since you're going, you can bring hunting rifles and shotguns (together with 300 rounds of ammunition). But if you do, you'll have to provide the Customs Officer with written descriptions and serial numbers. Pistols, revolvers and fully automatic weapons are strictly forbidden.

Hunting and fishing regulations

They vary from province to province. Best way to find out about hunting is to find out to write the Provincial offices at the addresses below. You can buy fishing licenses from most sporting goods stores and outdoors and at any of the national and provincial parks.

Coming by car?

Bring your Motor Vehicle Registration form. If you're driving a rented car, bring a copy of the rental agreement.

Ask your insurance agent for a Canadian Non-Resident (Inter-Provincial) Motor Vehicle Liability Insurance Card. That's a long name for a little card which indicates that you have the minimum coverage necessary for driving in Canada.

Frigitipeds!

Your dog will need a rabies vaccination certificate that's less than 12 months old. Make sure it carries an accurate description, is properly dated and signed by a licensed veterinarian. There's no problem at all with cats.

Our money versus your money.

The rate of exchange fluctuates a bit from day to day. To be sure you get your money's worth of our money, we urge you to

change your dollars at a bank rather than at a store. Incidentally—most of your credit cards are just as good in Canada as they are in the U.S. If in doubt, check with your credit card company. Summer starts in May.

You can expect temperatures in the mid-70s through July and August. But there's plenty of sunshine as early as May and as late as September. The further north you travel, the cooler the evenings are likely to be—so pack a couple of sweaters along with your swim suits.

What else can we do to persuade you to come?

If you want more information about any of the places and events mentioned in this booklet, please write to the Provincial Travel Bureau at the addresses below. They'll be happy to send you maps, lists of hotels and motels, details of lodges, cottages and the several fine plane services that cover the far north. They want to do everything they can to make you feel welcome.

Department of Tourism,
Dept. D,
P.O. Box 1280,
Fredericton,
New Brunswick
E3B 5C4, Canada.
Nova Scotia Department
of Tourism,
Dept. D,

P.O. Box 130,
Halifax, Nova Scotia
B3J 2R5, Canada.
Prince Edward Island
Travel Bureau,
Provincial Administrative
Building,
Dept. D,
P.O. Box 2066,
Charlottetown,
Prince Edward Island
C1A 2M4, Canada.

Newfoundland & Labrador,
Department of Tourism,
Dept. O,
Confederation Building,
St. John's, Newfoundland,
Canada.

Due to the energy situation, we suggest that you make sure cigarettes don't travel back your way. Though some travel agents or automobile club, in that way, you may avoid any delay or disappointment with your travel plans.

Canada
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OTTAWA, CANADA.

opened up everything from Ruby Value to F.D.R., from The Shakers to Beethoven, delves into details and into indelible nostalgia, exactly as in Paper Moon. In the end, Roscoe's addiction to Coo-Coo (which is advertised even on the sign of the state penitentiary) must be meant to elicit wild laughter of her as a child of her time. There is even something touching, not to say sweet, about the way she bewitches the memory of the dead Borne, although this is an almost knowing from the brilliant, tough ending of Faulkner's *Savannah*, without, alas, the toughness.

But when it comes to learning, the old two standard sources in Roscoe and Clyde, another film for which I had little use. Almost everything has been lifted: the willing alcohol in Roscoe's care through his language that became a playground for looking crime eyes until the game suddenly turns horribly violent, the self-righteousness of Roscoe's love affairs and family ties, the use of slow motion to freeze disfigure the deterioration of the protagonists by a barrage of bullets whose dehumanized mass production of mortality deprives death of its dignity, the betrayal by a basically well-meaning wife who becomes a police tool. Penn, Benton, and Newman almost deserve screen credit for *Thieves Like Us*—far better at times.

Even the appearance of Roscoe and Clyde is *authentic*, echoed by an image such as Roscoe's anguished body being roughly carried out wrapped in the yellowed coat Keesee inherited from her grandfather, the quick Roscoe and Roscoe's love affair. From the spit, the body is heavily dumped into a road pothole in the mercilessly pouring rain. But what the film has especially in common with Roscoe and Clyde is the sympathy for the criminal based on the widely expressed proposition that he is a normal different from the rest of us. It is a novelty such as Michael Corleone, a great actor like Clint Eastwood, was able to make the outlaw thoroughly sympathetic by methods. (Alman might profitably have studied, instead of resorting to force appeal to trendy musical aesthetics. The film, in fact, is so sloppy that it never begins to explain Roscoe's unlikely sensation of a sheriff's credentials with which to spring Chinamen from prison.)

The most interesting thing about the movie is the photography by the superb French cinematographer Jean Boffety, here making his American debut. Boffety's cinematography was twice overwhelmingly praised in a film like *Life* and *The Things of*



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Life among others, left here the culture has an extraordinary way of looking at it, as if passing on glass to the military lines is sacred. Whether this was definitely intended to suggest the look of movie painting I cannot say, but it is beautifully effective. The acting, too, is commendable, with Kevin Connolly, who plays the character of a young man, and Shelley Duvall as a most persuasive fiancée: a solo find whose effectiveness, though they may be personality rather than performance, fit in perfectly with the character's hesitant, awkward bourgeoisie. And, as usual in an Altman film, the supporting cast, besides acting competently, has a subtly unifying look to it. As far as Altman has made of the qualifications for a major director except the supreme one of having something significant to say.

A not dissimilar atmosphere pervades the other, less successful, less successful films of the water genre, *The Last Detail*. It was directed by Bud Apatow, whose admirable record includes *The Landlord* and *Private Hell*, and is now a novel by David Foxman, who earlier adapted another one of his novels into the sentimental, pseudo-tough drivel of *Criminals Minded*. *The Last Detail* has at least the slight satisfaction of another screenplay, Robert Towne, although no one could make a silk purse out of Foxman's sow's ear. I use the phrase advisedly, for Foxman, obviously drawing on his own Navy experience, and on his own art, has for old-fashioned dialogue, in which obscenity has invaded every part of speech with the possible exception of prepositions. It was quite depressing, by itself, and even more so with a youthful audience that greeted every four-letter word with the full-alarm peals of laughter.

Two career sailors, Sergeant "Red" Buddenick and "Mud" Marlin, half of the *Shore Patrol*, are detailed to conduct a sad sack of an eight-year-old sailor, Meadows, from Norfolk, who is innocently tried to pilfer forty dollars from the police collective line, to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and eight years in the Marine brig plus a dishonorable discharge. The tough, self-styled "life" are willing to take on this detail because with seven days' leave and allowance for a two-to-three-day job, it becomes a bit of a paid vacation. What they did not bargain for is a provoking sympathy for the pompous, kleptomaniac, underprivileged and under-entitled "redneck" who makes them slow down their journey and devote themselves to his sentimental education. They work on sympathy in his self-respect and self-assertion,

then, lose successfully, indignation against the Navy (eight years less than prison, as long as he is the Old Man's old's favorite chaps), and, finally, enjoyment of the better things in life: food, drink, and smoking. In said intake, Meadows progresses from cheerleaders to hero sandwiches, in liquid ingestion, from soda to Beethoven ("the first beer in the world—President Kennedy used to drink it"), in sexual output, from zero to two cracks at a little when when he delays a taxi-cab purchase for him in a Boston brothel.

When Meadows reaches self-realization, he can prove his manhood only by a final, perfectly effective, attempted escape, forcing his escorts to man him and hand him over loaded to the tender ministrations of the "girls." The scenario does Portsmouth deeply demoralized. Meadows will never prove his manhood, while to cheat the long years to come in the Navy also begin to seem like imprisonment. Even if the concept of these self-core toughness is old hat, there is a film in all that Apatow and his cohorts, however, have not found it. Their movie is too schematic in its role up and down, too predictable in its calculated alienation of drama and fact, and too weak in its plotline to the sailor.

Thus, for instance, Buddenick reminds that they take a detour for Meadows to visit his mother (his father has long since left), only to discover on the Lord's day, the mother, his great God knows where, and the house a shambles littered with empty bottles. No wonder poor Meadows turned out last! Then there is Meadows's sudden realization, to leave the Navy, which drives the ramped Buddenick into amassing his fist through a door, without so much as scratching that night's hand. Scarcely more than a film in the unexplained Meadows's blunder first experience with sex, particularly when the whore is played by Carol Kane, screwy and screwing, with her even drunkenly showing over the horizon of two large, dark pits. Male as black, which prompts the film makers to turn him momentarily into a figure of abuse self-control and serene sagacity, a sort of *Marx's Aesthetics* is self-betrayal.

What brings under the crust of obscenity is perhaps less a soft heart than a soft heart. The dialogue, even in its most self-possessed moments, never rises above the level of "Welcome to the wonderful world of yours, bud!" or "Marines are really aces boys." It takes a kind of autistic temperament to be a Marine. Apatow's direction is gliding, always setting for the obvious shot, and betraying

not a hint of a personal vision. Worse yet is the cinematography of Michael Chapman, whose even if this film had been shot in 16 mm and then enlarged, would still look transcendently coarse-grained and washed-out. Chapman also makes a brief appearance as a soldier, on which occasion his future appears no better in acting than in cinematography. And thus there is the blizzard and banal scene by Johnny Mandel.

As Broadway, Jack Nicholson gives what many consider a superb performance, and what strikes me as yet another example of his customary trait, which consists of delaying the reaction time to most stimuli in order to assimilate it to one or two others, and letting the emotion either surge or bubble to the surface toward a slightly exaggerated, distorted climax—sometimes even an overstated indifference, a lumpy silence. Most of the devices *True Friends*, and of his movies even for him. And one cannot get around the feeling that the basic premise of all Nicholson performances is an impulse of mania. As Mud, this Young is as good as the imposed identification people. Best of all is the Meadows of Randy Quaid. He has a way of acting in half-or-quarter tones, making apparent the presence of a feeling rather than the feeling itself, and, when called for, showing a barely heightened, sparse look to turn gradually dispassionate and defiant, the way an old iron slave becomes glowering and intransigent with the fire within.

No mention of Murray Schiffman can be brief enough. Bud Green's film, like his previous *The Professors* and *The Zerkow Chair*, is a model of how not to make a comedy. It is the play length not only without a act but also without a court, and with twenty balls simultaneously. All kinds of gurn—chiefly anachronisms, irrelevances, remote ethnic jokes, and out-of-context vulgarity—are thrown together pell-mell, batted about aimlessly in all directions, and finally beat us into the ground.

With several gag writers heeling away full blast, it is no wonder that a few one-liners come off; what I found more amusing is that, in one of our better theatres, a crinkled-looking audience laughed loudest and longest at a scene in which a bunch of cowboys sit around a campfire eating beans. One after another, they raise their backside and break bread, each a bit louder than his predecessor. The hero, in a continuous crescendo, comes back to each three times. If that is what makes audiences laugh, all hope for the future of the cinema is gone with the wind. *

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In conjunction with this tuned port, Allegro has a specially-designed woofer which also produces solid mid-bass-range sound. And with a horn-type tweeter to deliver the high notes, you end up hearing virtually the full range and all the exciting sound of the original performance. You also get a more efficient sound system. In

fact, other systems with comparable size air-suspension speakers need twice the wattage to match Allegro's overall sound performance.

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Before encountering Ms. Lee Arthur, a hard-eyed model who reports spins for KDKA radio and television in Pittsburgh, I had been plagued by certain ancient traditions of sports journalism. "Never take along a date when you're covering anything," an editor once wrote me up and down five-time teams. "You're going to worry if her feet are cold, or whether someone's sneezed mustard on her dress, or whether she can find a bathroom. Dances are distracting, which is why we never let them in the press box."

Later, when I went to work as sports editor for a newspaper, someone assigned me a woman assistant. She was marvelous: attractive and we did very well the first part of the week, which consisted mostly of lunch. The idyll ended when I started myself to compose a story on Nishim, the great racehorse. "Excuse me, for a minute," she began. "What's a Nishim?" The next assistant was better and male.

With the background, I take a certain pride in male chauvinism, and am likely to consider that attitude until the slanting laws of several states are repealed. But fair is fair, as I was trying to tell the judge, and if a woman knows a chucker from an itang, she has a right to work the sports beat according to four or five Constitutional amendments. Any fair the laborer works down, that once flew from every press box, bearing an absolute mandate. For Ken Gold-Walsh, manager, in the early years, was a boxer, where the beer is always free (and sometimes warm), where all of the washrooms are marked Men and where scoring is nothing more exotic than a headbush.

If my rough work, five women are already employed as sportswriters, two in Florida, one in Boston and one in New York. Ms. Arthur in Pittsburgh is the Western division of the Liberation Army.

We first met at dawn in a Manhattan television studio where I had gone to talk about a book and Ms. Arthur had gone to talk about the glories of liberation. She stands five feet three and weighs in at 130, with splendid conformations and symmetry. Unfortunately, our joint interview began badly.

"It hasn't read your book," the host told me, warmly. "What's it about?"

"It's about what it's about on the jacket," I said.

"And you," the host said, turning

to Lee Arthur. "How do you like being a girl sportscaster, Jackie?"

After fifteen minutes, we were dismissed and our subsequent coffee Ms. Arthur was able to talk rationally about her work. "I like sports and I've always liked sports. They treat me for a while on TV here in New York, but I was kind of overwhelmed and one day I confirmed the Chicago White Sox and the Chicago Cubs. That took care of that job. When they called me from Pittsburgh, I was ecstatic. I had a year's home in New York. Pittsburgh was a bedroom-and-shot town I'd heard. And what a bedroom-and-shot town needs is a woman sportscaster, right? That's my first line. I don't do up controversy, which some people would like me to do, because just my presence is controversial enough. The one problem is the locker room." Ms. Arthur blinked a steadily blind.

"What do they want in the locker room?" she said.

"Nothing."

"Well, when men are interviewing naked men, do they have trouble with their eyes? I mean where to look?"

"Mostly you look at his face and over his nose." "It's upsetting," Ms. Arthur said, "when people think I want to cover naked men, for a woman reporter. The reason I want to go there is for status. Suppose I'd become a doctor. I'd be seeing naked men all the time. For a woman journalist. What do people assume my eyes would drift? But people do assume that and I'm afraid that the only solution is for the National Football League and the rest to pass rules that athletes keep on some sort of robe in the clubhouse."

Working the liberation trenches with Ms. Arthur for a few days is revealing and in a sense refreshing. She has abandoned the pretensions for a comfortable apartment in Gateway Towers, which overlooks the Monongahela River. Pittsburgh has rebuilt its downtown into what the Chamber of Commerce called The Golden Triangle, a clutch of steel-heeled buildings rising close to the point where the Monongahela and the Allegheny join to make the Ohio River. Three Rivers Stadium, Gateway Towers, the stadium of KDKA and the Civic Arena all lie within a short distance. Some days Ms. Arthur could walk her beat and still check in with the Pirates, the Steelers, and the Penguins, who play hockey.

I found her during a characteristic week. First she'd set up interviews with several of the Pirates to discuss prospects for the new baseball season. She was pleased with her talk, but back at the studio joy evaporated. In one of those miracles of modern technology, a cameraman had happened to insert a sound plug in the proper socket. This produced twenty minutes of silent film. "Not too much," Ms. Arthur said, "because one TV news people aren't keen on subtitles."

Next she began preparing a hockey special that would be air-worthy if the Penguins went on a tour and reached the Stanley Cup playoffs. Finally she worked up short features: a hockey player who tapes his head like a boxer, Danny Lase, a one-armed sophomore at Indiana University at Pennsylvania who had tried out for the basketball team.

"Now," Ms. Arthur said, in the crowded, burning atmosphere of KDKA, "I'm going up to Allegheny Community College, which has one of the best junior-college basketball teams around. Everybody on the squad's a local boy and they're fifteen-and-two."

Bill Rhee, who coaches Allegheny basketball, brightened when Ms. Arthur started his gym. Ms. Arthur was once an actress and can light up on cue. Approaching Rhee, she glowed, reached out a friendly hand and whirled a bit. "How old are you, Coach?" she began.

"Thirty."

She fixed him with a smile. "Well, you don't look thirty." Rhee grinned and ducked his head. Then he was talking enthusiastically about the advantages a junior college offers boys. "What about girls in basketball?" Ms. Arthur said.

"In gym classes, we let girls who're reasonably athletic play basketball against the boys. You know something?" The girls pick up the boys' moves quickly and soon they're making the moves themselves.

We drove back to KDKA to drop the film and then we headed for the Civic Arena where two Penguins were waiting. "I hope the hockey special works," Ms. Arthur said. "Some of the music is terrific. For a hot fight on the ice we play *Rocky*. *Dear Old New York*. For the firing of the old general manager, we play the *Ode to Joy*."

Maggie Paradise, a pretty young blonde, explained to Ms. Arthur that her father had played for the New

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York Rangers and subsequently the family urged her never to marry a hockey player. When Maguire married Bob Penrose he was teaching K-8th. Absently, he avoided careers and entered professional hockey. "We've lived a busy life in the last two years," Maguire said, "and I love the life."

Diane Penrose, whose husband Jean is a fast-rise forward, spoke in a soft French-Canadian accent. "I'm always a little nervous," she said. "I always expect we'll be traded. What I really love is the quiet of our cabin in the Laurentians. It will be nice to spend Christmas there when Jean is through."

"What do you think?" Ms. Arthur said, "when fans get on your husband?"

Diane Penrose considered briefly. "When he doesn't play well, I think he deserves it. Sometimes get on Jean myself."

Later we watched the Penguins play the New York Rangers. After a flat first period, the Penguins scored twice. Then Pittsburgh broke through for a goal and Ms. Arthur squealed.

"No cheering in the press box," I said. That contrived apology to both sexes in the interests of professionalism and sportsmanship.

"I know," she said. "I try not to root, but sometimes I can't control myself."

Another Pittsburgh goal. A second goal. Then in the third period, silence over the song of praise. The Rangers wore down the Penguins and New York won, four to two. Some fans drowned the arena in the final minutes. "Why are they going?" Ms. Arthur asked in pain. "Back in Indiana we used to say, 'The church ain't over till the singing's through.'"

Ms. Arthur moved from Indiana to Pittsburgh as an oilman's route. Round near Indianapolis and in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, she won a B.A. from Butler and studied at Illinois before leaping into show business. She played summer stock in the Midwest, Cincinnati and Kiss Me, Kate and Any Wednesday and The Lower Depths. Her television work extended to commercials, and the Fort Wayne National Bank once chose Ms. Arthur as its Betty Houser Girl. Still, nothing really broke her in Hollywood and her early Broadway job was deserting in the chorus of Fiddler on the Roof, where she also understudied the role of Gracie Haverford.

"Sometimes it was pretty rough. I had to do a little teaching. And then it struck me that I'd always loved sports and I knew how to read a line

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van Holland-Is het
meest geïmporteerde
bier in Amerika-1
omdat Heineken zo heerlijk smaakt.**

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and how to write a sentence. Why not put everything together as a sportscaster?" We had retreated to a pub, along with Bill Chadwick, once the chief referee of the National Hockey League and now a crackling good announcer for the Rangers.

"Does it shock you to see a woman in the press box?" I asked Chadwick, who is a grandfather.

"I've gotten used to it," he said, "gloried me at first. What the heck. If a woman can do the job, what's wrong with that?"

"I got three kinds of reactions here," Mr. Arthur said, from behind a glass of white wine. "Some men were rudimentary. A few said it was all right for me to be in a press box because they felt they had to say it. Some totally ignored me and shuddered their eyes. I guess some aren't sure what I am. A sports broadcaster or a broad sportscaster."

Living in Pittsburgh, Ms. Arthur has established a rigid rule. She doesn't date athletes. "I'd hate to be the subject of all that grumpy gossip at luncheon." She does not come on strongly so much as gently, and she has devised a number of good answers to the most common questions.

"What's it like to interview all those men?"

"Every fresh interview is like a first date."

"Do you consider yourself the prettiest sportscaster in the country?"

"No. Frank Gifford is the prettiest sportscaster in the country."

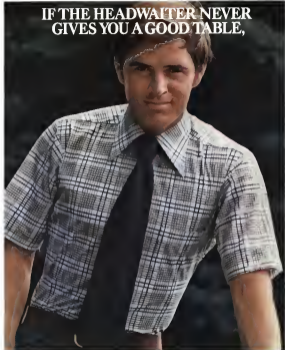
"What does it take to be a woman sportscaster?"

"Endurance. Makeup that lasts all day. And a strong bladder."

Beneath the charm, there is a kind of iron determination that one often finds in actresses and career women. And there are surprising surprises. Assigned to the U.S. Open Golf Tournament at the Oakmont Country Club last year, Ms. Arthur reported in a short lap and hip-huggers. Before she had finished many interviews, the vertebrae of a SUGA was lit up like a Broadway marquee. Sensitive Pittsburghers made cries of outrage. Ms. Arthur's nose was visible in their living rooms. For the rest of the day, coverage of Ms. Arthur was limited to head shots. "They caught me on that," Ms. Arthur says, "but there's one thing I won't do. I won't wear a bra and there's nothing in my contract that says I have to."

Scratch one bra and cover one novel. A split decision for Ms. Arthur. Still a voice loud as a squal in the press box says we've not heard or seen all that we will of her. ☼

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BOOKS

MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE

In view of the present sorry condition of England, the second volume of Malcolm Muggeridge's biography of Oswald Reuben (Athenum, \$14.95) appears most appropriate. For Reuben, though he died fourteen years ago, was and July, may as a way be said to be still the storm center of British Labour politics, though now a ghostly one. His career, his temperament, his attitudes and loyalties, especially during the last fifteen years of his life, are the focus of the second volume, expose all the internal contradictions and contradictions in the party he served so ardently and yet so often later scorned. Fast friends about him in a mood of veneration and awe, hero worship, in itself, no bad thing: We can learn as much from an honest scoundrel as from a consistent degenerate, especially in the case of a controversial figure like Reuben, and anyway Poole's adulatory attitude to Reuben and class association with him over a number of years is itself part of the story. It is surely significant that Reuben's devoted Biographer should come, not from the ranks of his fellow proletarians, but instead be the gifted, attractive scion of a famous liberal family, one of whose brothers-in-law Lord Canden, a sometimes distinguished colonial administrator and British representative of the U.N., another, also used to be the poeple, head of the famous law firm in Plymouth, and yet another a successful barrister and for a time a law officer in Harold Wilson's government.

As it was originally set up under the terms of Reuben's Will and the Fabian, the Labour Party was to be an alliance of socialist intelligentsia and trade unionists, empiricists called workers by brain and hand, the intellectuals were to provide the policies and the trade unionists the cash and the votes. This arrangement worked for a time quite well, the London School of Economics was the ideal place where Labour Party Cabinet members were bred and reared, and the trade unionists became safe parliamentary men—the pocket boroughs of our time—in industrial constituencies, and occasional minor members were bred and reared. Quite often they were finally put out to grass in the House of Lords, where, with their heavy watch chains, old-fashioned minks, fondness for cigars, and expressions of unfathomable obtuseness and obstinacy, they looked more like lords than

most lords did. However, in time strains began to show; the socialist intelligentsia were hostile, like a Hamlet, say MacDonald, to fall for the lure of high society, or, like a John Strachey, for that of Conservative ownership. Blue blood and the Red Flag bedeviled, and quite a number succumbed. On the trade-union side, at the shop-steward level, effective Communist Party infiltration began, and at the top confederation set up, Ailes, with the aid of Ernest Bevin—the oldest of the old-fashioned trade-union leaders—just managed to keep the arrangement going. Hugh Gaitskill, his successor, found the strain almost insupportable, and because of it, if he had not died, would probably have come to grief as a parliamentary leader. With Harold Wilson, the balance has swung the other way, and he has become the creature rather than the master of the unions.



The trouble with Michael Poole's book was, precisely, that he did not fit into this pattern. He was an aesthetic proletarian and trade unionist, but with intellectual interests and aspirations of his own, a sort of people's Charles James Fox who found the salience of the rift because the wine was good and Bevin's frothy, and the corruption of the world and the sophisticated because it was witty. He was too left for the Labour Party leadership, too unruly for the trade-union hierarchy and too audacious and independent for the Marxist party-leaders. Despite his alleged extremism, he found it very difficult to pass an evening with the *Stomach* or *Prison* houses without losing his temper. If he had been less upward, he could have given the Labour Party what it has always lacked and desperately needs—a great leader, imaginative, shrewd, attractive, who, speaking the language of social-

ism, even his cant, yet has a true love of freedom and free institutions and a great hatred of totalitarian authoritarianism and oppression. Also, he was a lost leader, and not just because he died. With all his panache and popularity he failed to acquire what is the first essential in politics—a reliable following. He had admirers in plenty, but no agents. By coming out, as he did, at the 1957 Labour Party Conference in favor of the retention of nuclear arms on the ground that otherwise, as Foreign Secretary in a future Labour Government, he would be sent "tossed into the conference chamber," he lost even his agents. Even Tribune, his own paper, edited by Michael Foot, turned against him. By the time he came to die in 1966, he was isolated and tired and disillusioned.

Poole's affectionate and comprehensive picture of the truly remarkable man is well written and documented, besides being a valuable perspective of the British Left, now in an advanced state of decay. As such, it provides a useful handbook for England's present crisis which in my opinion is only at its beginning.

Another hero of sorts of our time, Roger Casement, is the subject of a biography by Brian Inglis (Doubleday, \$9.95). Casement has been much written about, not just because of his exposure of atrocities in the West Belgian Congo and in the Upper Amazon, and his larger role in the Irish uprising in the 1916-18 war which led to his execution for treason, but also because he turned out to have been an inveterate homosexual, and to have left behind him diaries which reveal in considerable detail his sensitive tastes and ways. Without this last particular, as with Oscar Wilde, it is not whether or not an attraction would have been paid to him. He seems to have been particularly interested in the length and solidity of the venereal flesh organs that interested him, and in his diaries carefully tabulated these vital statistics: if we can call them that.

Brian Inglis portrays Casement shrewdly and sympathetically as a man with admitted weaknesses, given to hypochondria and personal vanity, who was yet a dedicated champion of the oppressed and a true Irish patriot. If anyone he was a Protestant Unionist, but toward the end of his life he became a Roman Catholic and was "left" for the Labour Party. He may be said to have died for Ireland. Actually, a



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good number of the Irish Home Rule leaders were, like Casement, only converts to Irish nationalism. It would be interesting to try and find out just what induces people to take on citizenship, and sometimes being martyrs for, causes in which they have no personal involvement. At every stage in the decline of British power and prestige in the world there have been such individuals who owed much to their British connections (which brought Casement a knighthood, advancement in his career and other benefits), and yet side with Britain's enemies. I have known quite a number of them—they came in and out of the Atlantic from Galway, London, Paris, and abounded in India in the days of the British raj—and have sensed in them something they all have in common. But what? Some special neurosis or neurotic energy? Some peculiarity relative to an inner instability such as homosexuality might cause? Certainly, in Casement one recognizes the classic type of abjectly exposed and oppressed and injunctive martyr. But what is the "inner lack" English provides all the data, but not, in my estimation, the answer. Perhaps he'll do another book called *The Homelessness* dealing with the general syndrome of which Casement is so outstanding an example.

Readers of Professor Elinore Zola's *The Relapse of the Intellectuals* will know that he is a writer of exceptional perceptions, erudition and erudition. It is a book, I keep by me to dip into from time to time to help maintain some sanity as what is called Western civilization falls with an ever louder clatter about our ears. His latest work, *The Writer and the Shores* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, a Helen and Kurt Wolff book, \$12.50), is a remarkable study of how American literature, in its history of the last century, reflects the stylistic means whereby a people and a culture have been destroyed on behalf of the idea of progress; that is, saving Nietzsche, which, having first consumed everything and everyone standing in its way, is now to move to auto-genocide, and making a meal of our earth itself, and, as its final "progressivist delirium" (Professor Zola's expression), maddening confusion and creativity. The book is packed with references to out-of-the-way writings; one is astonished to learn how great and widespread was the impression made by Indians and their love on Americans and American literature of late. Writers to me quite unknown, and possibly of the greatest interest—for instance, Mary Austin, who wrote the history of aboriginal American literature for

The Cambridge History of American Literature, and whose *The Land of Little Rain*, according to Professor Zola, is a brilliantly written account of the Shoshone and Paiute Indians near to whom she lived for a long time in the California desert—are mentioned, and rather patently on the back of given their outlines. Others, like Pauline Capper and Langfellow, are seen in quite a new light in relation to Professor Zola's theme.

The Writer and the Shores is, indeed, a very solid treat, and I cannot pretend that I have digested it all. Nor should I dream of pronouncing upon Professor Zola's learning, before which I stand amazed. What I can say with the utmost certainty is that his essential point is powerfully and conclusively made. This, as stated in his opening paragraph, is that the chief culprit and actual agent in the decline of Indians and their culture, brought about by the European settlement of America, "was the idea of progress, which by its very nature demands the elimination of everything that it deems old, obsolete, out-of-date and needless, while at the same time it represses the love, as cerebral to man, of that delicate, wise pattern that time deposits on the things of this world." To which I say, Amen, the more heartily because I have observed the same process at work, in different circumstances, as what used to be called British India.

It was an excellent idea of Marie Milner to compile an oral biography of Harry S. Truman (*Press Syndicate, Berkeley/Putnam, \$9.95*). As I remember very well from my days as a newspaper correspondent in Washington during the Truman Presidency, he was quite at his best when letting off random observations, and had little facility for the written word or considered statement. Milne succeeds in conveying his pungent, contemporary way of speaking to the life. Mostly, what he said was shrewd and to the point, but sometimes, of course, like everyone else, he could be silly—for instance in suggesting an appointment to Fidel Castro to the White House, and calling him "Fidel" at the time of Castro's take-over in Cuba, which have served to prevent his subsequent line-up with the Soviet bloc. This is one of the fantasies of the world of letters which seems to be destined. I remember well how, when the Nazis were consolidating their power in the Third Reich, the nation was seriously entertained in England that it might be invited to Berlin to give the toast of the King and Queen would have been over from his allegiance to Hitler and make a good peace-loving democrat of him. Similarly, Roosevelt

describes how, in conversation with Stalin at the Yalta Conference, he managed to say in an "ethnic Jew"ish spirit concerning good relations between America and the U.S.S.R. Unfortunately, our ancient entertainers no such illusions, I feel sure that neither Chaplin nor Mr. Groucho, whatever else they may think about the present American Secretary of State, will suppose that calling him "Henry" will get them anywhere, though heaven only knows what he will have learned from being tossed on both cheeks by President Bush!

Sometimes, as recorded by Marie Milner, President Truman was a little too strong. For instance, his denunciation of General MacArthur is so convincing and comprehensive that to the end it swings one's sympathies over to the General's side. On the Kennedy I found his observations very much to my taste. They are as dispassionate as how a Watergate might have been revealed on John F. Kennedy, with, for highlights, leaving the picture in West Virginia, taking the Presidential hotel in Cook County, the hen laid at the time of the Bay of Pigs, wrecked old Ambassador Joe in charge of all the financial arrangements, his account books subpoenaed, etc., etc. I think it would have quite put the current Watergate in the shade. What a wonderful irony that Truman, the least regarded of this century's Presidents, should emerge as the most "undiscoverable" but so it is, and *Plum Spooling*, following on Margaret Truman's artfully skillful biography, furthers the process.

Should a work of reference aim at giving at any rate an impression of "objectivity"? Or should it reflect the prejudices and predispositions of the compiler? In principle, the former, but the latter makes for greater readability. No one in his senses would turn to Edward Hirsch's *Discontents of Modern Civilization* (Tupinger Publishing Co., \$9.95) for unprejudiced information; its judgments and conclusions reflect all too clearly Hirsch's own views as an old-style academician who loves revolutions and revolutionsaries and hates revolutionary regimes and their head-fact leaders. All the same, because he writes well, and because his judgments, being totally impracticable, is an appealing political vigilance, I found myself browsing in his Dictionary with more pleasure and curiosity than I should otherwise have done. The only really bad mark I give him is for allowing some of the regime's revolutionaries, like a despicable little tyrant, I should say, and only less reprehensible than Stalin because kinder.

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TRAVEL NOTES RICHARD JOSEPH

Surprisingly, the sunny skies and many of its offshoots could very well make this the year to go to Europe. An unexpected but major effect of the Arab oil boycott has been a *de facto* revolution of the dollar, which, at the time of writing, was buying fifteen to eighteen percent more francs, marks, lire, etc., and about twelve percent more British pounds than it did last summer. As a result of the dollar's weakened purchasing power abroad last year, and scarce status as high prices in Europe, the number of American transatlantic visitors dropped considerably below expectations.

This had a quick and salutary effect on those Europeans serving the traveler. They might have been able to survive on the business created by the increasing number of Japanese and German tourists, but they discovered, without the American business they could not prosper. And so, hotels, restaurants and shopkeepers who had been reluctant and even resentful about accepting or changing American currency and traveler's checks suddenly rediscovered the beauty of the engraving on them; and American tourists, in turn, are experiencing again the joy of being wooed.

Although transatlantic air fares have been forced to cover partially the increased fuel costs, the price of air tickets hasn't risen as steeply as most other items, so there's still a relative bargain. The fuel shortage will probably result in fewer transatlantic and intra-European flights, but because of the general drop in passenger traffic and the elimination of youth fares from the United States, planes shouldn't be much more crowded than usual.

Our own perception of Europe has changed. European prices have been horrendous. While the drop-off in tourist traffic should lessen the classic mid-season accommodation shortage this summer, advance planning and bookings are advisable to avoid being stuck with the most expensive hotel rooms. And visitors who have to hold their expenses down to the levels of previous years will have to choose hotels and restaurants lower down in the price scale, learn to use local public transportation facilities in place of cabs, and restrict the number and range of side trips not included in the price of their air ticket. All this might result in less contact with the malice d'iv of heavy

restaurants but more elbow-rubbing with ordinary Europeans and engaged in the business of entertaining visitors.

These lines are being written during the worst of the gas shortages in the northeastern United States—we can't conceive of things possibly getting any worse—and at this time it looks as though the visitor might be better off as a privileged car owner abroad than as the ordinary American driver lined up to avoid the pleasure of the corner gas-station attendant at home. Almost all Western European countries have arranged to make gas available for the visitor driving a rental car. Gas is expensive, but cars are small and the distances are relatively short.

Striving to get a preview of what European travel would be like when the season starts in earnest, this department made a couple of quick



to see what the situation was supposedly at its worst. The Netherlands, we found, is the place to go in Europe this year—especially to escape the gas shortage! Hellish, you'll recall was chosen as the prime European target of the Arab oil boycott because it, together with Portugal, was the only one of our NATO allies to support the United States when the crunch came in the Middle East last fall.

But no fuel no services gas shortage here. The Dutch have coped so effectively that their country today is one of the most comfortable in Europe. And they've managed to do this while honoring their traditional customs, maintaining their national identity, honoring traditional friendships and retaining their sense of humor.

Most gas stations are closed Sundays, but even then forty stations are



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open to serve visitors on major highways all over the country. The only real symptom of a problem is the speed limit of about thirty-five miles an hour in populated areas, fifty outside of populated areas, and sixty-two on the freeways, called motorways in Holland. Gas costs about \$1.22 a gallon, but it is available, and with no waiting. We even found self-service stations operating as usual.

While we were stopped in The Netherlands, Assistant Travel Editor Louise Weiss went to England on a Pan Am plane trip set up to provide firsthand impressions of the British scene in the midst of the energy crisis. Despite her pessimistic forecasting the travel situation is more difficult in Britain than in Holland because of the complications of the coal strike and the national elections, still appearing at the time of writing. As far as the oil shortage alone is concerned, Louise reported, London seemed to be doing well. She ended her report with what she regarded as a significant comparison of European difficulties with America: "On the way into New York from JFK at the end of my trip," she said, "my cab ran out of gas!"

Other European countries, their fuel shortages uncomplicated by such problems as Britain's coal strike, have all come through all the time of writing with optimistic predictions of conditions the traveler will encounter this year. Skipped up, none of them indicate no serious problems for visitors, but here's a detailed rundown.

Austria: Rental cars and cars with foreign license plates are exempt from requirement that Austrian cars not be driven one day a week, selected by owner. No weekend-driving ban. Gas stations generally closed Sunday, but a few open for emergencies. Speed limits, subjective rules on an hour on the road, thirty-one in town. No difficulty in train travel; eighty-five percent of the trains operate as horseshoe-line power.

Belgium: Fuel crisis makes auto travel uncertain but one of the world's densest rail systems provides a convenient alternative. Most places no more than an hour's train ride from anywhere else within the country. And frequent train schedules make it possible to stay at less expensive country inns.

Denmark: Many hotel rates now double for '74 and some for '75 because Danish travel industry willing to gamble on no further oiler destinations. Fuel shortages have eliminated Sunday driving and caused other alterations in Danish way of life, but, says Axel Tessau, director of the

Danish National Tourist Office, "Because many people's existence is dependent on the travel industry and because the crisis is regarded as temporary, a way will be found to keep the machinery moving."

Finland: With Finnish petrol at four to the dollar, last year's deflationists brought no change in exchange rate. And Finland's general price level rose only 4.6 percent last year, compared to increases of about ten percent and even more in neighboring countries. No shortage of gas at about a dollar a gallon. Fifty-five speed limit. Trains are good, fast and cheap. The 1200-mile round-trip second-class rail fare between Helsinki and Rovaniemi, capital of Lapland, is only \$37.

France: A speed limit of fifty-five m.p.h. set for most highways, but French government officials promise special measures to guarantee sufficient gasoline for foreign visitors who are driving their own or rental cars, and for tour buses.

Germany: Gas situations still unpredictable at the time of writing, but the German National Tourist Office points out that almost all major destinations are easily reachable by the federal rail and bus lines. Inflation may bring about higher prices than last year's, but they will be partially offset by the improved dollar-mark exchange rate.

Greece: Although Greece revealed its distress as its poorest autumn this year, and gas now costs about \$2.10 per gallon, the government is currently working on a discount plan for visitors; jives for most other tourist items are still quite low. Government officials describe the fuel supply as "adequate" and point out the fact that most Greek islands are so small that traveling around by car is unnecessary.

Ireland: Gas readily available at a dollar an imperial gallon. Speed limit fifty m.p.h. No problems with air rental. Irish pound pegged to pound sterling, so better dollar exchange rate than last year, and Irish price level externally lower than British.

Italy: Gas about \$1.36 a gallon for regular, \$1.67 for high-test. Gas stations closed from Saturday noon to Sunday midnight. No driving during these times except for public transportation, cable and tourist buses. Speed limit is 130 kilometers (just under seventy-five miles) an hour on superhighways, about sixty m.p.h. elsewhere; heavy fines and vehicle confiscation for violators. But places are open five days a week, and a chance to cross streets unobstructed and to see piazzas, bookshops and monuments unobscured by parked vehicles. And for one dollar Alitalia will give

you a good covering admission to all important museums and galleries.

Luxembourg: No restrictions on gasoline supplies. Gas about a dollar a gallon, but since Luxembourg's area is less than a thousand square miles, you won't need much to get around.

Norway: Gas stations closed from seven p.m. to five a.m. and from Friday night to Monday morning, but no driving restrictions. Hotel rates up eight to ten percent over last year, and, bus and hotel fares up ten percent; domestic air fares twice to fourteen percent higher.

Portugal: Gas stations closed Saturdays, Sundays and holidays, gas about \$1.43 per gallon for regular, \$1.65 for high-test. Speed limits sixty-two miles an hour on national highways, fifty on country roads, but no other restrictions. Prices up twenty percent over past two years, but this is still one of the cheapest countries to visit.

Spain: No energy crunch here. No driving restrictions or gasoline shortages, and gas is readily available at \$1.50 a gallon.

Sweden: No rationing, gas costs about a dollar a gallon. Prices up about five percent from last year, but still some good buys in packaged tours. Four days and three nights in Stockholm for \$27, including breakfast, tips and reductions on admissions at major visitor attractions.

Switzerland: Driving into Switzerland, your gas tank must be at least two-thirds full. Speed limit sixty m.p.h. Gas ninety-one cents a gallon for regular, ninety-six cents for premium. Swiss Holiday Palace a good buy at \$45. Six night days and \$69 for fifteen days, first class, or \$111 and \$145 respectively for second class. They provide excellent transportation on trains, buses and boats, and include fares on mountain railways and cable cars.

Turkey: One of the cheapest countries in Europe, once you get there, despite a ten to twenty percent inflation rate. Domestic flights inexpensive; a 400-mile flight on Turkish Airlines costs about \$10. And you won't have any currency exchange problems. Turkish liras has been pegged to the dollar. Laundry service in Istanbul, Ankara and Izmir charges \$14 to \$20 a day, double, and at new Aegean beach resorts they run as low as \$8. Since Turkey produces and refines most of its own oil, no shortage of gas at fifty-five cents a gallon.

Yugoslavia: No gas problems here, either, and prices very low despite ten percent rise in past year. Rents sharp give ten percent price reduction for payment in dollars. *

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There is only one Venice. One city of canals and lagoons, where beauty is the hallmark of all creation.

Generation after generation, for a thousand years, Venetians have commissioned the greatest artists of their time to embellish their homes and public buildings.

Leonardo da Vinci, Titian, Tintoretto, Giovanni Bellini—the Renaissance masters perfected their art here, and left it as a legacy, a monument to the betterment of the human spirit. And so the city has accepted it. In carnivals and celebrations, festivals and holidays, the people renew old traditions. They gather as they have for centuries, for small talk and philosophy, sympathy and espresso.

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Esquire



The Faith of Graffiti

by Norman Mailer

There is something to find in these pictures, thinks our Aesthetic Investigator, but the question may be whether the Lord is on the side of the artist.

J ournalism is chaos. Journalism is bondage, unless you can see yourself as a private eye squaring into the mysteries of a new phenomenon. Then you may even become an Aesthetic Investigator, ready to take up your role in the twentieth-century mystery play. Aesthetic Investigator? Make the name a hyphen Roman numeral I, for this is about graffiti.

A-I is talking to GAY 161. That is the famous Gay from 361 Street, there at the beginning with TAKE 163 and JUNIOR 165, so famous in the world of wall and subway graffiti as Giotto may have been when his name first circulated through the circles of those workshops which led from Masaccio through Piero della Francesca to Botticelli, Michelangelo, Leonardo and Raphael. Where? In such company Gay loses all name, although he will not necessarily see it that way. He has the power of his own belief. If the modern man has moved from the illumination of the first master of fresco, that simple subtle Giotto who could find beauty in a beheading as well as in the becomings of perspective in the flight of angels across the bowl of a golden sky, if we have mounted the high road of the Renaissance into Raphael's celebration of the True, the Good and the Beautiful in such human narratives three-dimensionality of the golden manna and hang on out to our own tales and washes in Bolinas and Ellsworth Kelly, why so too have we also moved from the celebration to the name. We have traveled from that Western celebration of the apocrypha, even verities, where that men and women in the westward of their bodies had somehow wrested a degree of inde-

pendence from Church and God down now to the twentieth-century horror that life is not a presence but an image, not a certainty but a name.

A story? William de Kooning gives a pistol to Robert Rauschenberg who takes it home and promptly seizes it. Next he signs his name to the artwork. Then he sells it. Can it be that Rauschenberg is saying, "The artist has as much right to print money as the financier." Yes, Rauschenberg is giving us small art right here and much instruction. Authority imported upon emptiness in money. And the ego is magical convertible to currency by the use of the name. Ah, the undiscovered links of production and distribution in the payless workdays of the ego? For six and a half centuries we have been moving from the discovery of humanity into the consolidation of the name, advancing out of some profound and primitive relation to dread as complete that painting once lay inert on the field of two dimensions (as if the medieval eye was not ready to wander down any fall). Then art dared to rise into that Renaissance liberation from anxiety which joined the painterly capacity to enter the space-perspective of volume and depth. Now, with graffiti we are back in the prison of two dimensions once more. Or is it the one dimension of the name—the act form screaming through space on a graffiti subway bus?

Something of all this is in the mind of our Aesthetic Investigator as he sits in a bedroom on West 361 Street in Washington Heights and talks to Gay 161 and Junior 161 and La Flame and Lark. They talk about the name. He has agreed to be a preface of a book of photographs by Jon Neer, has agreed to do it



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ATLANTIC AV

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rah once they were living through the stages of the crime in order to commit an artistic act—what a doubling of the intensity of the artist's choice when you steal not only the cash but try for the colors you want, not only the marker and the ink but the width of the tip or the speed, and steal them in double amounts so you don't run out in the middle of a masterpiece. What a knowledge of color habits is called for when any black or Puerto Rican adolescent with a big paper bag in hand is coaxed by a Transit cop if he goes into the wrong station. So a writer has to defend after his pen has been used by which subway entrance (it is to be transported, and one has just completed a ride to the station which is the capital of his turf, he has still to find the work where he can warehouse his goods for a few hours. To attempt to lead the paint out of the station is to get caught. To try to bring it back to the station is worse. Six or seven kids entering a subway in Harlem, Washington Heights, or the South Bronx are going to be searched by Transit cops for sure. So they steal it, will across the station for a time painting nothing, they are after all often in the subway—in the degree they are not chased if it is a natural clubhouse, virtually a country club for the actuality of it all—and when the cops are out of sight and a train is coming in, they whip out their stacks of paint from its hiding place, conceal it on their bodies, and in all the swiftness of evasive maneuvers get on the train to ride to the end of the line where, in some deserted midnight park, they will find their natural canvas which is of course that metal wall of a subway car ready to reverberate into all the eyes of all the metal of New York, what an echo that New York metal will give into the shaped-only mass of every child-people who grow up in New York, yes, metal as a surface on which to paint is even better than stone.

But it is hardly so quick or automatic as that. If they are to leave the station at the end of the line, their turf is forever taken from them, and they must make passage, and always the problem of finding your way into the yards.

In the Albin park at 305 Street, the unofficial entrance was around a fence which projected out over a cliff and dropped into the water of the Harlem River. You went out one side of that fence on a narrow ledge, not over the water, and back the other side of the fence into the yards "where the wagon," writes Richard Goldstein, "was sitting like stout whales."

We may rock our behemoths—whales and dinosaurs, elephants folded in sleep. At night, the walls of cars sit there like the mechanical beast of swarms possessed of soul—you are not just writing your name but trafficking with the spirit of the vehicle now making. What a presence! What a consecutive set of eyes sleeping heads down all the curbs of the yard, and the graffiti writers steadily as the near-to-silent sound of their movements working up and down the lines of cars, some darting in to scrawl a little top of a name on last a name on their nerve has no longer the same—others overlooking on their first or their hundred-and-first masterpiece, during the full enterprise of an hour of living with that tension after all the other hours of waiting (some they had come into the yard) for the telegraphic disturbance of their entrance to settle, waiting for the guards patrolling the lines of track to grow somnolent and dozed into the early morning pad of the watchman. Sometimes the graffiti writers would set out from their own turf at

dark, yet not begin to paint until two in the morning, holding for hours in the silent no-man's-land of the yard or in and under the trains. What a sentimental marriage of cool and style to write your name in giant separate living letters, large as animals, little as snakes, anagrams, Anselm and Chinese style of all shapes, and to do it in the heat of a winter night when the hands are frozen and only the heart is not with fear. No wonder the best of the graffiti writers, those mountains of busy masterpiece producers, Ray, Hase, Phase 3, Steve [E], get the respect, call it the glory, that they are known, famous and famous on a rock star. It is in their year. Nothing automatic about writing a masterpiece on a subway car. "I was scared," said Japan, "all the time I did it." And sitting in the station at 158th and St. Nicholas Avenue, watching the trains go by, talking between the waves of subway recurrent sounds, we stay in size, his dark eyes as alert as any small and hungry animal who sits in a garden at night and does not know where the householder with his vacuum gun may be waiting.

Now, as Japan speaks, his eyes never failing to miss the collection of names, heretofore, symbols, stars, crowns, ribbons, masterpieces and toys on every passing car, there is a sadness in his mood. For the peak of the movement is long over. Now the cars are better cleaned faster than they are written upon, an act which was impossible a year ago, but the city has mounted a massive campaign. "There was a period in the middle where it looked as if graffiti would take over the world, when a movement which began as the expression of teenage people living in a metropolitan iron-city and tall brown brick environment, surrounded by asphalt, concrete, and designer, had crept biologically as though in sure the someone flesh of their inheritance from a maddeningness of the psyche, was the blank city wall of their ended brain by painting the wall over with the great lines and petty stunts of a tropical rain forest, and like such a jungle, every plant large and small added to one another, lived in the profusion and harmony of a forest. No one wrote for too little over another name, no one was obscure—for that would have assailed the hierarchy. A commoner took place over the city in the plant growth of names until every individual wall, corner or corner, every corner of a school which looked like a bread-house factory, every old sales warehouse, every standing billboard, every bus-stopping poster, and the halls of every high-rise apartment project which looked like a prison (all did) were covered by billions of graffiti which grew seven or eight feet tall, even twelve feet high in those choice places worth the effort for one to stand on another, oh, if it had gone on, this entire city of bland architectural high-rise heretics would have been covered with paint—graffiti writers might have become acquaintances with police for the smell of high-rise high-class swinger-single apartments in the East Sixties and Seventies, the lack of New York and afterward the world might have been transformed, and the interlocking of names and colors, those symbols of eye, forever reverberating upon one another, could have run like a flood to cover the monotonous of abstract simply techno-architectural twentieth-century walls where no design ever predominated over the most profitable (and objectively most noticeable) construction rule (signify in a two or twenty-million-dollar bill).

The kids parted with less than this in time, so doubt. Reluctant in the graffiti-proliferating years of the early Seventies to paint the front door of every subway car they could find. (Continued on page 124)

How To Make Friends with Celebrities

fattery used to get you anywhere, especially if you smiled big and remembered people's names like Dale Carnegie told you. None of that works anymore, in the post Watergate era, if you smile and remember a man's name it only makes him think you're a spy, a cop, or a credit investigator. What you should try now, if you want to make friends, is to remember the diplo-



matic adage: The Enemy of My Enemy Is My Friend. Got it? Now go out and try it as somebody famous. We're not going to tell you why these tips are on the lists, because while you're waiting around to meet the people in the left-hand column, you can pass the time figuring out what the people listed on the right could possibly ever have done to get listed here at all.

To Get In With:

Lina Mineelli

Maurice Cox Thomas

Robert Jeffrey

Gael Greene

Mimi Shatran

Dick Williams

Temple Fickling

Joan Richards

Joel Quintero

Stephen Schwartz

Joe Layton

Lillian Hallman

A. J. Antoon

Tammy Grimes

Ethel Newman

Hai Price

Julie Harris

Katherine Hepburn

John Fairchild

Halston

Rosa Russell

Nan Talese

Lucille Ball

Don Meredith

Jim Aubrey

David Dunkin

Truman Capote

Sally Quinn

George Montgomery

Howard Samuels

Mimi Pearl

Try Knocking:

Mickey Deans

Teresa Nason Cox

Rebekah Harlowe

Roy Andries de Groot

Gael Greene

Roger Kahn

Arthur Frommer

John Frankenheimer

Ted Mann

Bob Fosse

Carol Channing

Diana Trilling

Christopher Plummer

Christopher Plummer

Geddie Hawkes

Zeno Morel

Kathleen Parsons

Ganna Kanan

James Brady

Cloris Ruffin

Bette Midler

Aaron Lothman

Lee Mervin

Howard Cosell

Jacqueline Susann

Shelley Winters

Kenneth Tynan

Richard Salsan

Burt Reynolds

Pete Ronelle

Elaine

To Get In With:

Clive Barnes

Martin Rosenbath

Daniel Ellsberg

Scotley Caplan

Cleveland Amery

Mrs. Donald Nixon

Joyce Maynard

Marcos McCannbridge

Dr. George Sillman

Souzy Werthe

Joseph Alton

Al Carzanes

June Powell

Svetlana Alliluyeva-Peters

Robert Ranschenberg

Howard Stein

Paul Kanner

William Buckley

Adick Cavett

Allen Miller (Buz)

Eugene Sheppard

The Charles Revson

Henry Goldhaber

Orin Roberts

Sylvia Miles

Joan Weiner

Bob Silver

Paul Bell

A. E. Hatcher

Angela Lansbury

Joan Beeson

Try Knocking:

Maurice Elbert

Martin Rosenbath

Henry Kissinger

George Moore

Joanne Kretschmer

Richard Nixon

Julie Benzinger

Billy Franklin

Dr. Robert Atkins

David Rockefeller

Gardner Cowles

Stephen Sondheim

Gower Champion

Mrs. Frank Lloyd Wright

Robert Scall

Aaron Kuno

Barbara Davis

Gerry With

Elton Gould

Philip Van Rensselaer

Charles Revson

The William Levitts

Thomas Hoving

George M. Wilson

John Simon

Al Goldstein

Dotson Rader

Paul Lebow

Philip Young

Lucille Ball

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt

Mean Mothers with Dirty Faces

by Richard Hill

The SEALs joined the Navy to scare the world



A SEAL's work is never done—these boys walked through acres hundreds meters of mud in two days.

Instant," says Chief Turt, "that SEALs are not rash. We check our capabilities against the problem to make sure we can handle it. You don't walk into a bar and offer to kick the shit out of everybody there. You offer to kick the shit out of half of them, which you know you can do."

Everybody seems to agree with that, although Lieutenant Rhodes, who has been leading the SEALs on what they can say to me, might have preferred another example of SEAL self-control. I'm here in Norfolk, Virginia, with several members of Platoon Seve,

SEAL Team Two. Their recruitment literature describes them as "the Navy's elite SEALs, the silent, unperformed team of professional killers and saboteurs." They can come at you by sea, air, or land, thus the acronym SEAL. There are fewer than three hundred of them in the Navy. They start with underwater demolition training, then go on to jump school and advanced training in unconventional warfare and weapons.

The room is standard issue: World War II barracks and conference room, basic Navy-wall green. Two de-

scribed reduction bins along at back speed, but the best doesn't seem to bother anyone else.

"We're less famous by reputation before," says Schambler. "We'd be drinking in some club in Nam and here'd be this dude in sunglasses, wanting to buy us drinks and shoot the shit. He usually turned out to be a reporter looking for better stories."

No horror stories, I tell them. I just want to find out what you guys do.

"Well," somebody groans, "we just lost our first intramural basketball game. We'd have won, though, if Nam hadn't fouled out in the first half."

"When I went through training," says Chief Turt, "we only got fifty-five hours a month extra. The second day of training, I thought, they can stick that money up their ass. I started, but not for the money. I figured if the other guys could do it so could I. I like the guys—see much, my wife says."

"I always wanted to be a frogman," Schambler says. "Ever since I was a little kid. It's the best thing to do in the world."

Chief Camp is less romantic. He has a way of banter, almost grimace before he speaks, as though to determine if words are really necessary. "Military life is boring. But the first it's the same crap every day after day. Here we get to do all kinds of things. We get the blood pumpage. We have warlike hats for four assignments, guys making Ops for something 'cause they're bored."

"You get satisfaction," says Schambler. "I never had a job I couldn't complete."

"Responsibility," says Camp. "These petty officers get responsibilities a commander might never have in his career. You have total control over the lives of men, and in a way over their families too. And challenge. I've scared children of heights, and to see some of the others; but if I didn't jump I couldn't be on the team. So I volunteered to be jumpmaster, which means you are jumps out of the plane half the time. I get a hard from that, like enter... well, take."

"Nasty job!" Leverage laughs with everybody else, but when it's your turn to bring the command back to earth. "We do our job like everybody else. I still have to pay for my drinks."

The SEALs live the idea of a wall. You can jump over it, tunnel under it, swim around it, or just blow the smeltch up. And then you hit the hardware you built it. It's an aesthetic discipline. Ad here's a freedom of action most of us can only dimly imagine. Anything can happen or as an operation, especially in wartime. And the paradox is that for this freedom they submit to some of the most brutal training in the history of warfare. The idea of the training seems so he not to produce men who can take orders and fight. He Marines, but to produce men who can operate, often alone, under the most stressful physical and psychological circumstances.

What they usually get is a man who lives stress. Chief Camp tells about some early problems. A SEAL team broke down under Navy A.S.A. simulation. The scientists hadn't expected such a low threshold and wondered if they had miscalculated what a man could take. They called in some SEALs, who seemed to enjoy the stress. "The scientists had no communication and asked one guy if he'd had enough. He said barely talk under those Gs, but he said, 'More, screw it up.'"

The SEALs' basic training is called BUDS—Basic Underwater Demolition/SEAL. Both regular Navy Underwater Demolition Team volunteers and SEALs take it, then UDTs concentrate on their specialty,

which is clearing landing areas, and SEALs move into advanced training in special warfare and responsibilities. Both SEALs and UDTs have specialties, and SEALs sometimes serve in UDT units.

Rhodes and Brown aren't long out of BUDS. I ask if they remember how they survived it. Was there something special they learned, something that all the survivors know, or was it something maybe a little mystical?

"I had breakthroughs all through basic," Brown says. "Maybe it is sort of mystical, where you get the strength if you think about quitting you probably will, but even if you don't there are times when you know you can't do any more and find yourself doing it."

"We call it going on automatic," Rhodes says. "Hell Week teaches you to go on automatic. Christ, we were running and swimming miles, crawling through mud, getting four hours' sleep a night. Everybody was on automatic. We had a bunch of soldiers running around there."

The phone rings. It's somebody's wife. "Yeah, yeah," he says, looking embarrassed. "You forget to bring home a loaf of bread?" somebody asks.

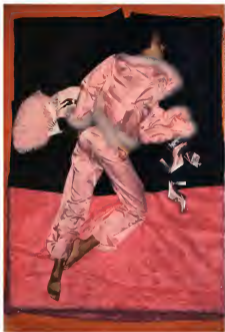
"We have to make other shit," Schambler says. "Mostly 'cause it's fun, but it keeps you sharp too. You want to know if the other guy can handle it. Once you get to a guy everybody goes after him. He either shapes up or leaves. We don't want to operate with anybody who can't take the pressure."

"I remember," says Turt, "some time two guys got stopped for speeding. The cop was going to let the driver off, and the other SEAL told the cop to give his buddy a ticket." (Continued on page 74)

Some SEALs I Remember

It was Christmas Eve, 1970, in Can Tho. I had been talking to Vietnamese refugees again. The photographer and I went to the Chinese restaurant in the Hotel International for dinner. The hotel had many rooms. The women came over when guests did not want them. That night there was a fancy Vietnamese wedding dinner in the restaurant so no one else could get in. We ate in the hall outside by the staircase. The Vietnamese were laughing and joking and giving toasts. Then you heard that yelling. The SEALs come in, telling you who they were. There were a dozen: huge, white, young, drunk. They crowded into the hall shouting out what they thought of folks who took over a whole restaurant. They wanted food and beer that it came. I could not go on eating. One was surprised and almost fell across my shoulders. Another kept trying to climb the stairs as if he were on a moving ladder. They drank a lot, breaking glasses. When the first Vietnamese woman came out of the party to go upstairs to the jobs, she was not alone. Three Vietnamese men, in suits and neckties, made a little circle around her. Twice this happened. The Vietnamese behaved as though they could not see the SEALs, could not even hear what the SEALs were saying. They did not pause and they did not flash. They took the women upstairs, wanted for them, and brought them back down as if there were no foreigners there at all to mock and menace them. After a while the SEALs went up to get more and girls. The wedding guests went home. I never did see the bride.

—Gloria Emerson



Get Thee Behind Me, Satin

This is a special kind of story. This girl lives in a world where there's no going to bed. She won't sleep in the nude anymore. That's Out, a casualty of the Seventies. Back in the Sixties it was next to go around naked as the pygmy, getting yourself all decked up. Things are much cooler now, of course.

Photographed by Lawrence Sackman



It may be the energy crisis, just *Women's Wear Daily*, and the fact that folks are staying home more. Ingerine is making a comeback in the stores. The hombody here, for Cleveland, is wearing a gilet sold only at the finer stores, the designs of a Spanish-born Parisian named Fernando Sanchez. God bless



Sánchez says his work was inspired by Flash Gordon comic fantasies and Esquire's old and much-misquoted piece of celebrity, the *Pretty Girl*. The lingerie is of Satin de lys with an occasional touch of more-bow-and-look. Skin, especially Sánchez' skin, got sweaty and sexy. The shift is nice and slippery.



One of the few designers who likes real women's bodies, the ones with curves, Sánchez says he is only marginally concerned with fashion, obsessively concerned with erotic effect. He also works in fur (no cracks, please!) and like fur, Sánchez maintains, "Lingerie suggests a genuine anticipation of sex."



Let's take a break now, a cold shower, in effect, and explore the other things you've been looking at in these pictures. There's a crushed soda-pop can, a record, a muscle magazine, some shoes. The shoes are by Senchean; the other junk was put there by the photographer, which is his thing-up, not yours.



Shit, she's almost asleep, we can talk man to man. A friend of ours once bought a black nightgown for his wife. She put it on in the other room, then walked in to where he was sitting. "You look like a judge," he told her. That was that. Don't be discouraged, though. These can be fun, if you don't slide off.

Checking in with P. G. Wodehouse

by Gerald Clarke

*Notes in passing
on a life still in progress*

"When I was in my twenties, I felt as if I were in my thirties. And my thirties were all right. But I'm feeling a bit rustyish lately. The ideas don't seem to come now. I seem to have lived an every possible situation, and if I do get a good idea, I feel it's something I wrote forty years ago." P. G. Wodehouse lights his pipe, and the cigarette-tipped dark thought follows the smoke out the window and into the garden, where both are forgotten. "I suppose it's only temporary," he adds, laughing. "I've already felt like this in between books."

"But you've just finished a book, haven't you?" I ask, a little annoyed by his complaints. Wodehouse has been worried about running out of story ideas for at least fifty years.

"Yes," he says, in full, roddy cheer now as he talks about his writing. "And I've got a wonderful tale for it. But, alas, I'm out of ideas. You think that's good?" He beams and chuckles at my enthusiastic reply, and his shiny bald head nods with pleasure. "Yes, everybody likes that title. And the book itself really is funny. It's moving out awfully well. It's so much better than my usual stuff that I don't know how I can top it. The next one will be a lifetime dream."

At nearly two, after having written more than seventy novels, three hundred short stories, five hundred essays and articles, part or all of sixteen plays and adaptations, the lyrics for twenty-three musical comedies, and the scenarios for six movies—not to mention some of the funniest verse in the English language—P. G. Wodehouse can talk about his work without false modesty or false pride. Those who are not attracted to Wodehouse's never-sever worn old dotty looks and downbearing brows generally arrive up after the first page or two anyway, while those who stick with him—I am one of them—become addicts, even as such Wodehouse's books a sale as certain and predictable as the tide at full moon.

Evelyn Waugh, who confessed that his own style was directly influenced by Wodehouse, awarded with an "unimpeachable apostolic such addition to the canon." Other writers, from E. Nesbit and E. Nesbit and George Orwell to Agatha Christie and Truman Capote, have admitted that they were awfully hooked. More recently, Wilfred Brundage wrote that he greatly returns to Wodehouse "and to very few others, just for the texture and the sound of an old-fashioned verse."

The word English of English writers, Wodehouse (pronounced "Wod-house"), has, paradoxically, spent most of his adult life in the United States, which he first visited in 1914 and in which he has lived, on and off, since 1940. He became an American citizen in the Fifteen, and for nearly twenty years he and his wife Ethel have lived in Kensington, Long Island, a quiet, brightly landscaped town about seventy miles east of Manhattan. There, on twelve acres that open on an inlet of the Atlantic, Ethel, who handles such matters, has created an idyllic haven for such an intensely domestic man: a large rambling house that looks out on broad views of lawn between wicker-sprung trees. Several years ago Wodehouse's widowed sister-in-law, Helen, came from England to live, and she now helps manage the household. Inevitably Ethel has to look after all the wacky dogs and cats that stray

their way, and leaving Wodehouse free, as always, from any care but his writing. "I haven't earned money down here for twenty years," he says modestly. "All I want is tobacco and books, and I can get those charged."

I first visited Wodehouse in the Fall of 1971, when his sixtieth birthday was being widely celebrated, particularly in England, where Boris Woodcock, James, daffy Lord Rensworth, and Wodehouse's most admired pug, the Empress of Handmaids, have been placed with Britton, Falstaff, the brothers Shandy, and Mr. Marrower in a national pastiche of oxalid rib-tickers. Although he enjoyed the attention, so many unexpected visitors were a dangerous strain on Wodehouse, and by the time of the party itself he seemed utterly overwhelmed. When I talked with him again nearly two years later, he had not only recovered, but he appeared stronger and, oddly enough, younger than he had before. He shows his age, certainly he does, but he is hard of hearing, and he walks slowly, with a cane, at least in case he loses his balance. But his mind seems to be as youthful and active as ever.

"All that sixtieth birthday thing move me not exactly a heart attack, but I had to have treatment, you know," he explains as he sits down, shoving away "Bum off! Bum off!" the cat that occupies his chair. "The EBF came two days right at seven-thirty in the morning and stayed all day with their lights and things. Oh my God, 'twas awful. It sort of laid me out. One effect of the treatment, however, is I lost about twenty pounds. I feel frightfully fit now, except my legs are a bit wobbly. But as far as the brain goes, I'm fine."

Unlike many elderly men who make such a claim, Wodehouse can prove it, and, following the basic work schedule he established several decades ago, he still maintains what most writers would consider a terrific writing pace—he turns out

at least one book a year. Up at seven-thirty, he does his "daily dose," a battery of exercises he has performed faithfully every morning since his first read about them in Collier's in 1919. After a breakfast of tea and toast, he begins work, either writing or, as he was when I was visiting, planning to write.

With books for lunch, an occasional rumble around the garden with the dogs, and a half hour for The Edge of Night, his favorite soap opera, Wodehouse continues to work until dinner, after which he reads or watches television.

A Wodehouse plot, a fast-house most of suspense, satire, and unexpected endings, is more complicated than that of most mystery novels, and he takes endless efforts to make it watertight. He puts down something like four hundred pages of notes before he even begins a scenario, a detailed outline which he blacks out in three-like notes.

"Planning a story out and writing it are two separate things. To sit down before a blank sheet of paper with no notion of how the story is to proceed and just start writing seems to me impossible. For a business novel, you've got to have a scenario so you can know where the comedy comes in. When I do get a scenario set, I feel pretty safe. But it's curious how it gets away as you go along. I don't think I ever actually kept to it. In this last book of mine, this *Bedouins Anonymous*, the plot altered entirely from the outline. The best character in the book wasn't in it at all when I was thinking about it."

Once he has actually started writing, Wodehouse turns out a thousand words a day, about half of what he could do when he was a stripling of fifty or sixty, but still much more than many other writers. He used to write entirely on a typewriter, but lately, because it is easier to sit in a lounge chair than a straight-backed typewriter, he does find that his fingers are longhand, turning to the



then novels. The only trouble is that my short-story ideas really fit into my novels. I mean, I'm rather waiting a novel if I write a short story."

The lead of heavy Wodehouse writing—and film—in today written by almost no one but Wodehouse. "It's a shame that situation for him," says Schward. "Black humor, yes. The good old belly laugh or very chuckle, as if someone like Robert Benchley emerged today, he'd stare to death." Wodehouse himself admits about fifteen thousand head-over-cup (as the United States calls about twenty thousand in England, and several thousand more in translation. The figures are respectable, but hardly shattering.

"Why are there so few humorists today?" I ask Wodehouse. "What makes a humorist?"

It is a curious question, and Wodehouse gives a three-line reply. "I don't think a man can write a funny story unless he's got a talent on life that leads to funny stories. It depends on what sort of person you are, whether you see things funny or not. If you take life fairly easily, if you take a humorous view of life, it's probably because you were born that way, I think. He passes and returns to the subject with more determination and verbal understating. "If you're a humorous writer, you know instinctively what's funny and what isn't. I mean, Lord Rensworth and his pug, I mean you're not."

"Assuming a young writer has that instinct for humor, or thinks he has it, what advice would you give him?"

"I'd give him practical advice and that is always get to the dialogue as soon as possible—Wodehouse is much more comfortable with the specific than the abstract. "I always feel the thing to go for an anecdote. You put a reader off more than a great slab of prose at the start. You read so many books that start off badly and then fade away."

"Do you ever read criticism of your... (Continued on page 200)"

A More Perfect Union?



Dwight Macdonald's Thirty-fifth Amendment to the Constitution—itsself only part of his reform program starting on the opposite page—provides for the abolition of the states and their replacement by new units. Macdonald leaves the final arrangement of things to a committee, but offers the above disposition as something to start thinking about; for starters, he leaves Hawaii and Alaska the way they are and combines most of the rest into regions as shown here, with four states left out because, Macdonald admits, "I couldn't figure out where to put them." Is Arkansas, for example, more properly a part of Midland, Southern, Appalachia, or Texas? That can be determined after the amendment is passed; the views of Arkansas residents are, of course, invited.

UPDATING THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

by Dwight Macdonald

Ten modest amendments

This article first appeared in the October, 1965, number of *Esquire*. It is here reproduced with such kibitzing afterthoughts in the margin as occurred to me 50 years later. The editors proposed this archeological reform because (a) the original had utterly flopped at the time—perhaps verifiably as the World War I U-dart commentators used to report; and (b) it has now become, as we say, "relevant" in various ways. I agree with both propositions.

Although the promotion department gave its all—advance proofs showing like Valerius leaves on the just and unjust alike including every Senator and Congressman, plus personal appearances by the author on the Cavett and Griffin shows to discuss the Constitution for, respectively, twenty and four minutes—not one echo came back. Literally. I knew the piece had appeared from ocular evidence (unless they ran up a special copy for me) but no letters to the editor and only one to me—a very nice and perceptive one but from a virgin, i.e., one of the *Esquire* editors. Why this total lack of response, unusual even in my kind of journalism, I wondered. Aren't Americans concerned about their Constitutional system? Have they given up all hope? Or are they, as contrary, hopelessly complacent . . . ? Or was there unsettling line of thought—was the trouble timing? Did the piece seem overwritten, too evident historically—a stylistic too de ferre they wished had never been forced? Were readers turned off by my invidious of standard American journalistic practice, substituting the (previously) inductive for the (traditionally) deductive mode of discourse? That is, reducing The Facts to mere illustrations of my thesis (or Amendments), rather than the usual method of laying out the information first—let The Facts speak for themselves, if only they ever disagree that the idea is any at least appear to follow from the data? Or was the piece too long? Too speculative? Or simply, let's face it, too boring?

The present reader, or rereader, may judge the above matters for herself/herself. But I hope it's not copping a plea to suggest the historical timing of the piece was unfortunate. It came out just before the 1968 Presidential election, which was centered *not*—as the 1976 one will be—on large questions of the validity of our democratic system including the Constitution, but rather on such trivia (on a kind view) as whether H.H.H. was L.B.J.'s man or Nixon was Ford's man. How Hubert H. H. would have turned out I don't know, which way the yells would have yelled, and probably I should have voted for him as a lesser evil but somehow my finger wouldn't pull down the lever. But it soon became clear that Nixon, with his unerring instinct for disaster, was programmed straight toward the greater evil: his man on domestic reform and Johnson's man on Vietnam. Then four years later he was reelected by practically everybody except anybody one knows—this time it was easy to pull down McGovern's lever—and now my erstwhile renderings have become more to the point, or points, especially the first one: "The Office of President of the U.S. shall be Abolished . . ." and the last one: "The present States shall be Abolished . . ." Not that the right in between aren't all sensible and some even practical as of 1976. My own favorites are XXX ("A Tribune of the People shall be appointed for each Congressional District . . ."), XXXI ("There shall be established a National Memory Commission whose functions shall be wholly Negative to slow down the Progress of Progress . . .") and XXXII, which defines the speed program until we solve our earthly social problems. But XXXI and XXXII are the super-relevant ones right now.

Now I proposed substituting for our peculiar Presidential arrangement—the one major gaffe of the founding fathers—a more flexible, and several, one of parliamentary, or Congressional, responsibility, it was on the basis of experience merely with Hoover and Lyndon Johnson. Now

don were then below the poverty level. Today only 14 percent of the nation are poor, some progress but still 29,251,000 of them. Unlike the temporarily poor of previous generations, the contemporary poor are tending to form a static, chronic cast of poverty because they are at least all unemployed, not useful in the business system, the only thing all the underclass young, mothers with small children and no wage-earning husband, the physically or mentally handicapped. The very fact that poverty has been so much reduced makes it easier for the 41.8 percent who have escaped to ignore those that haven't. The poor have become, politically and culturally, invisible. Michael Harrington's *The Other America* (1962) first made the general public aware of the persistence of the mass poverty in the middle of postwar plenty. Taking off from his book, I wrote *Our Invisible Poor*, a review-article in *The New Yorker* (January 15, 1965), which ended: "To do something about the hard core [of poverty], direct intervention is the only way [is necessary]. We have had this since the New Deal, but it has always been grudging and miserly, and we have never accepted the principle that every citizen should be provided, at state expense, with a reasonable minimum standard of living. . . . [This] should be taken as much for granted as free public schools have always been in our history."

Others at the time, notably Robert Theobald, who was actually an economist, prepared the idea independently of me or Harrington, but only lately has it become respectable. The currently most favored technique is the "negative income tax"—that is, below the poverty level, according to income-tax criteria, would receive enough from the Treasury to bring their incomes above the level. The conservative Dr. Milton Friedman—see above XXVIII Amendment—is one of its first advocates, which shows you never can tell. On April 29 last, a committee of national business leaders, headed by the chairman of the News Corporation and appointed by New York's Governor Rockefeller to suggest "new approaches to welfare problems," came out for the argument income tax.

And on May 25 more than a thousand academic economists—headed by Samuelson of MIT, Galbraith of Harvard, Tobin of Yale and Wallis and Lempert of Wisconsin—endorsed a "national system of income payments and supplements." It was significant that their statement referred specifically to the Poor People's Campaign and the stress to part of the President's Commission on Civil Disorders.

For the greatest danger from the poor to the survival, or at least the stability, of American capitalist democracy comes from the blacks. They are only one third of the poor, contrary to the common belief—most people I've asked put them at a half or more—but the poverty rate is twice that much as high among blacks as among whites, and they are the most alienated, bitter and vengeful, for good reason. Poverty and racial injustice are inseparable today and, knowing what the moral gap means for a rich society not having almost thirty million of its citizens to depend in spite of a government intervention course would be a first very useful bringing the poor, black and white, back into the American community. The alternative is repression by the police and troops of the country, which might mean an authoritarian wing—and the end of the Constitution.

Amendment XXX, Section (1) A Tribune of the People shall be appointed for each Congressional District. He shall live in the District and shall receive and consider Complaints or Suggestions from Anybody about Anything. Anything includes the Actions of Judges, Courtiers, Judges, Police Officers, Regulatory Commissioners, School Boards, Building Inspectors, Welfare Workers, the President and his Cabinet Members, General Messiahs, J. Edgar Masters, and the Army Corps of Engineers. It also includes the Actions of Business Corporations, Churches, Small Loan Agencies, Hospitals, Mail Order Houses, Banks, Philanthropic Foundations, and City Planners.

Section (2) With the aid of an appropriate staff, the Tribune shall investigate such Complaints or Suggestions or come to him (a) directly, (b) outside the scope of existing procedures, such as Courts, or authority to be effectively aided on by them, and (c) to

"The Government is preparing to end the first checks prevailing, in effect a guaranteed minimum income to 3,200,000 aged, blind and disabled Americans early in 1970. . . . The number of eligible needy recipients is expected to reach 6,300,000 persons in 1974." So, a 1:1.64. Roughly of November 23, 1973—the first month, but correct, stop by the Federal Government toward implementation. The theory which headed in economy by 1975 was that first aid, income from public funds should now be taken for granted in aid society as much as first education was in the last century.

offer some findings of Remedy by him and his Staff. He shall Command only his findings to put the appropriate existing Officials or Institutions and then, if no Action results, to the Public.

Section (3) Each Tribune shall be appointed by majority vote of the President and Senate. Members of the three largest Committees in the State in which the Congressional District represented by his office is located.

What I have in mind here is a multiplication of Ralph Nader by five hundred. It is an extension of the scope of the "Citizen Initiative" launched by the *Scandinavian* movements and is easily adapted in Britain, an official who receives confidential complaints from citizens and acts on those he thinks reasonable—and that he can do something about—by negotiation with the Governmental departments concerned. He has no power to reform but recommendations emerge, persuading, presenting his findings to the officials involved and appealing to their conscience and/or reason.

My Amendment adds an appeal to public opinion which, as Mr. Nader has demonstrated, like Lincoln Steffens, Upton Sinclair and other "muckrakers" in an earlier period, is perhaps the most effective pressure in the arsenal of reform. (I suppose to some of my New Left friends for using the dirty word—I mean "reform," not "reform," which is a clean, appealing, ancient term—yet I feel compelled to say *my* standard is to stand on old Constitutions, not to write a new one.) One of the weaknesses of a mass democracy—a contradiction in terms but the briefest way to describe the political landscape we've evolved—is the pasty letting of the Common Man in the States that the machinery of Government is on too gigantic a scale to respond to, or even to hear, his own little personal reactions to things—which are sometimes also so little.

Tribunes of the People would be useful here. They might also be called, less recently, Professional Troublemakers, Licensed Duty-bodies, Official Sentinels or, most classically, Guardians of the Republic. Their salaries should be large enough so that they can stay—using the term generally, not actually. Jane Jacobs would make us confused. On the whole—but not so large as to attract back politicians. My annual \$20,000, which would mean to about eleven million for the four hundred thirty-five salaries. Add another thirty million for office and staff—don't let be small-minded about it—and it would still come to considerably less than the cost of one day alone in Vietnam, an expensive country for American military sources.

Amendment XXXI, Section (1) There shall be established a National Memory Commission whose functions shall be wholly Negative. It shall draw the Commission shall be divided into two subcommittees: the History Preservers and the Nature Preservers.

Section (2) The History Preservers shall consist of the Chairman, or his deputy, three members elected by the National Arts Council, five members selected by Congress, the Directors of the five largest Art Museums and of the five largest Libraries, the President of the American branch of the Victoria Society plus five more persons the Society will select, and an Artist and/or decorator to be chosen by the members concerned about The History Preservers shall be empowered to Publish the Attention or Destruction of any Building or other Man-made Object they decide, by majority vote, is of Historic or Historical Importance, also to pay the Owner thereof a fee for the preservation or subject to removal by the Courts, or of the Federal Treasury.

Section (3) The Nature Preservers shall have the same Powers applied to Lakes, Marshes, Forests, Canyons, Mountains, Palms, Plains, Seashores and all other natural phenomena including Fauna and Flora. They shall consist of the Chairman, or his deputy, the Secretary of the Interior, the National Parks Commissioner, the head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs, five members elected by Congress, the directors of the three largest zoos and/or botanical gardens, the President of the Sierra Club, plus five more persons he and his Club

jury cases across the Hudson as far inland as Newark, plus the "dormitory suburbs" in Westchester, Long Island and Connecticut—one rule of thumb would be commuting distance. Chicago would include Gary, Indiana, and the North Shore suburbs, but not Milwaukee or Toledo; Minneapolis and St. Paul would be a team, but St. Louis and Kansas City would be separate, etc. A series of twenty or thirty "city states," each autonomous, each with its own representatives in Congress who can both express its special interests and also join with other city states on urban or rural matters, or with the representatives of its own region on other matters.

Each of the eleven regions and each of the twenty or more city-states would get two Senators apiece, as the states do now. The House of Representatives would be elected, as now, according to districts that are equal in population. The one-man/one-vote reform recently decreed by the Supreme Court would be followed. This rule, plus the Map Revision, would end the present domination by non-urban interests that makes Congress unresponsive to rural problems and other problems of the states—and besides it isn't fair. It would also make unnecessary a XXXVI Amendment to appropriate funds and set up a commission to deal with these urban crises. There are enough Amendments and constitutional already in these proposals and I'd just as soon not have to think up any more. The new regional union Congress should do some work, too.

As the compulsive type of reader who wanted the discussion of four states where his doubts were observed by me—I can see him snorting his fence to the other side has possible with a right snarl—my XXXV Amendment cuts out an implementation, leaving it up to a Committee "appointed by the Chairman with the Advice and Consent of the Congress and the Supreme Court." This is vague even by the Founder's standards. Actually, I didn't mean to give the Federal Government a centralized authority. Alexander Hamilton himself might have drawn back from the power to crush up our electoral map without democratic controls. A central operation, one might say, "I trouble was I ran into difficulties whenever I tried to think concretely how the people might vote on which region, or city state, they wanted to become part of—if indeed they wanted to change their boundaries at all. The pendulums are numerous, each affecting each other and also all the rest, the permits towns and combinations tend to be hostile, and subtle, and hard to cure. Suppose the citizens of one or more states cling to their old topographical goals the way Rhode Island held out against the Constitution—and here are four states in many character for a R.I., or several R.I.'s, to give up the work? Or suppose some mobile population groups—two or three might be urban, one might be land-poor—find one of the dozens, scores, hundreds of different ways to redraw the map from that suggested by the Constitution? And suppose they stick to it? Who or what could do that? Even in our evolved American democracy of 1980 could the citizens of, say, Minnesota be compelled to merge themselves into Michigan if every nerve of their civic gythes proved to be united to The Prairie? And suppose the majority of The Prairie circumstances—a hypothetical political division that could only become real after all the other states, including Minnesota, had been fixed into place on the new map—has let's assume this difficulty has been somehow surmounted, perhaps by some John Marshall or Daniel Webster of our time, then suppose the inhabitants of The Prairies—ND, SD, Neb., Kan., and Okla. if you're forgotten—suppose they voted, in democratic preference, that their interests would be damaged by the addition of Minnesota, or perhaps just that they would feel some discomfort with out all these alien Minnesota influences, nothing personal of course. Just a Billions Way of Looking at Things.

So I decided to define exactly the first step in Amendment XXXVI, hoping that the past proposals of the three independent, and Constitutionally fairly well-balanced branches of our Federal Government—Executive, Legislature and Judicial—could provide a basis for a popular discussion and, finally, some consensus. But after the Map Revision Committee has made its proposal, I confess I can't see anything clearly. We'll just have to play it by the Ear the Founding Fathers.

The plant (parasitic aspidistra) has revealed of late more from Presidential smoking when standing in growth than from heretofore. Also, an Illinois also—was he only a one-way before look? But—just in "You can find some of the people (etc.) and off the people (etc.) but you can't find."

THE TRUE ADVENTURE OF THE SACRED IDOL OF KOM

by Sophy Burnham

Boonday, boonday, boonday, boom



Tribesmen of the dark continent dance for joy at the idol's return from the land of the American business.

There are a couple of problems in writing about the return of the sacred statue to the Kingdom of Koon. The first is that readers of The New York Times, having seen fifteen articles about it, think they already know the whole story (they don't). The second is that other people have never heard of the thing at all, and hardly anyone knows where Koon is anyway. But listen, I have been in the edge of the earth. I have sat in the company of

an African king and watched a half-naked black man blow on an elephant-tusk horn while the pigs danced for the return of the Afo-A-Koon. So bear with me and I will tell you about how the sacred statue was stolen from darkest Africa and turned up in New York and about how we brought it back to Koon in the name of peace and what happened to us then.

There is a country on the west coast of Africa called Gansoon. It sits like an Egyptian cat, with its head at Lake Chad facing east and its tail at the west point where the land, after an enormous western transva, suddenly dives south toward the Cape of Good Hope

The United Republic of Cameroon is composed of East Cameroon, a former French colony, and West Cameroon, a former British colony. Half in the mountainous highlands of West Cameroon lies Kom. It is one of seventeen relatively independent kingdoms in the Cameroon highlands, it occupies some 350 square miles, slightly larger in area than Chicago. The ruler is called the Fon.

The story begins in 1966 when under the reign of Fon Afoah (1904-69) a sacred statue, the Afo-A-Kom, was stolen from the capital of Kom. The statue is the wooden figure of a king, standing more than five feet tall. He is dressed neck to toe with coral and blue beads, his swirling face is covered with a beaded ropes mask as dark as wood, and on his head is a crown of beads and cowrie shells, each bead being the price of a slave. Before him stands a small stool, head-on to the base of which represents three antique stools. The statue was carved years ago and it is actually the throne on which each Fon is traditionally "enthroned," as the rite is called, after coronations and night days of meditation.

For one hundred years the statue stood in the sacred palace, the Nfonfon, capital of Kom, flanked by two even larger female figures and surrounded by the sacred masks and tokens of the tribe. Few were allowed to see it.

One August night in 1966 the statue was stolen. The exact details are unclear, but back a son and a nephew of the Fon were arrested. Two boys were said to have been sent to carry off the Afo-A-Kom and another smaller statue and two *nyim* masks. Down the mountain paths they went, trailing along in the dark with the statue on their heads down to a waiting taxi. Fujira, in Foumba, in Kom, Pohnville in Douala. The Afo-A-Kom was wrapped in grass mats and disguised as a corpse, and no one thought anything about it, corpses, it happened, often being transported like that.

Douala is a center of commerce in Cameroon. You can get anything out of the country from Douala. When I was there I talked to some art dealers. They pack a precious article in a box and mark it "Nigerian mask—copy" or "wood figure—surrealist." The customs agents are not art experts. For that matter not even the hardest officials are sure what constitutes a work of art, although their fingers are over a lot of the international art market. Dealers in Paris or New York are accustomed to having Africans walk through their doors with masks, statues, stools. "Do you buy wood?" they ask.

End back in Kom Koua once a hour and cry. The police arrested twelve or fourteen people. No one was prosecuted, however, and this was fortunate, for in Cameroon the penalty for armed robbery at a public occasion. Some are held at the Old Hippodrome in the capital city of Yaounde.

Fon Afoah died, "psychologically killed," people said, by the theft of the statue, and Fon Ngon Ngon came to power. He was enthroned on a new Afo-A-Kom carved by a nearby artist. But the people did not accept the new statue. Things were not the same, and they saw Fon Ngon and the new statue in the area without mentioning with regard to the stolen Afo-A-Kom. One day, the Americans were sent the catalog of an art show held at Dartmouth College. On the cover was a picture of the Afo-A-Kom. The statue belonged to the New York gallery of Aaron Fagan, where it had been displayed most of the few years. A lot of people "do know it was there. Mr. Fagan was asking \$50,000 for it. The next thing you know there was a front-page story in The New York Times.

The story described the theft, the \$50,000 asking price, and the significance of the sacred statue to Kom. It mentioned the "political, political and religious significance" of the Kom people and The Times. It is the "heart of Kom." It is the spirit of the nation, the suffering face of the tribe. It is a symbol of historical continuity. It represents the power and sovereignty of Kom.

None of this would have been enough to calm the events, but The Times added more: in this statue is embodied the peace and security of the Kingdom of Kom; and ever since its disappearance the people have been quarreling and squabbling, going to court over land and property, unwilling to do community work. There is no peace in the land.

Well, we Americans understood that. What with Watergate and war in the Middle East and so on for that, our famous butchering chickens to keep peace had made us not butchering cattle for the same reason, as pointed out the President, musing peace and a volatile stock market—who knew better than we about unrest in the land? We had no easy solution for our own problems, but there in Kom all that was needed was the return of a single statue. The story hit us right, and we reacted.

Within days an international boomtown and collector of African art, Lawrence Goussard, had arranged through the Museum of African Art in Washington, D.C., for the statue to be returned to Kom. With the help of a large contribution from Goussard, the museum bought it from art-dealer Fagan for \$25,000. Other donations came pouring into the museum, including \$20,000 from Warner-Lambert, a large ethical drug concern with business in West Africa.

It was wonderful. Here so were, the richest industrial nation on earth, aware of our power, warring war around the planet, and our one desire seemed centered on bringing peace to Kom. The State Department had already called the American embassy in Yaounde: "What does the Cameroon government want us to do about the Afo-A-Kom?"—a message received, with some persistence, you understand, because in diplomacy one usually must wait to be told if other nations has a demand. The American embassy in Yaounde hadn't seen The Times yet. It had news heard of the Afo-A-Kom. For that matter, another had the government of the United Republic of Cameroon.

The New York Times was printed in French. The *Metro* of Paris, placed a call to His Excellency El Hadj. "He has made the pilgrimage!" Ahmadou Ahidjo, President of Cameroon, to get his reaction to the discovery of the statue. They got him on the phone. "Le quel?" he said. "Quel est que c'est?" On sat Kom?

It was a disappointing reaction on the part of the president and the conversation was not mentioned in the six or seven Times stories about the return of the statue's return. Instead the paper quoted Fon Ngon Ngon, who was so moved that his eyes filled with tears. "It is made like a dream," he said, "so much like a dream." And "If I see it with my eyes and can touch it and know that it is within the kingdom, then God will tell me what to say. If I can only

see it again?" Other people "trembled with excitement" at the sight of the return of the Afo-A-Kom. It was a spontaneous gesture on the part of Goussard, The Times, and Warner-Lambert and others—a personal compassionate contribution to the spiritual and mystical life of a far-off people. Here were we in a world where we would have international relations and return in war, with at least one arrest, and fear and insecurity, and Kom surrounded off, and the State Department in Washington telephoning its sister about what I might say in my article?

To admit it, right out, I wanted to go to Kom. I wanted to go to Kom. I wanted to see the Fon risk out on his legendary power and be here to greet us, followed by his servants carrying calabashes of palm wine and his umbrellas and his chair, to thank us for restoring peace to Kom. He had promised to throw a week-long festival for us.

None of us admitted to such visions, but on the plane to Africa I could see the fantasy sitting there in each person's head as he tipped his curtain at chance and peace. We were carrying peace in the form of the sacred statue in a long gray coffin propped across a first-class seat and protected by a Pan Am representative, two men from the Museum of African Art, Goussard, and a three-man team from the National Geographic Society.

We landed in Douala, the largest city in Cameroon. By then we had been traveling steadily for twenty-four hours. We were grumpy with fatigue. A big crowd was gathered in the dock on the quay. Lights played across the bodies, casting shadows over shadows, and as the Official Delegates descended the ramp self-consciously to shake hands with waiting dignitaries, the roar of the jets seemed like the baric roar of the crowd.

Down in the darkness a young African leaned over, dapper in his suit despite the moon-bare head. "This is wonderful," he shouted in my ear about the jet ascent. "We didn't know we had anything this valuable." I was surprised at his clipped British accent.

"Yes, didn't?"

"No. We never heard of it before."

"I come from only fifty miles from Kom," shouted his companion. "I never heard of the Afo-A-Kom. Was it really far sale for sixty thousand dollars?"

The crowd shifted, a CRS cameraman was waiting for pictures, the Geographic was recording the four black bearded men, grinning slowly, blinded by the lights, staggered down the ramp into the warmth of the Afo-A-Kom. At my side Fred Cook, United States vice-consul at Douala, watched with interest. "It's a much larger event in the United States than over here," he told me cynically. "I've been here fourteen or fifteen months and the first I ever heard of the Afo-A-Kom was what I told in The New York Times."

"It was?"

It was a recurring theme. When we go through major news official ceremonies in all, with the Americans especially presenting the statue from the people of the United States to the people of Kom, and repeatedly having it accepted by the Cameroon government from the United States government, and throughout we would meet with mild surprise. "No, we haven't really heard much about it. . . . I think to return was mentioned on the radio." A lot of people even thought that the statue would be back in the night in six months.

On the Cameroon side, the statue would be seen with pleasure, to Goussard's dismay, about the \$50,000 price tag, as if that were what made it an object of value.

The Cameroon government, on the other hand, was trying its damndest to get the statue on a ceremonial and reception to accept the statue, like this one in Douala with press and photographers. The government officials running the ceremony had been taken by surprise, I think, at the American interest in the sacred statue. True, the Cameroon embassy in Washington had made formal protests to the State Department, African Desk, after The Times's article, and the ambassador himself in his dark suit and tie had presented his formal dispatch:

"We wish to protest—"

The Cameroon government had threatened legal and political action and made fierce protest demonstrations in the press about the theft and about the preservation of national heritage. But in fact they were helpless to back up their demands. There was a very good chance that old Fon Afoah himself had sold the statue; certainly the theft was done that summer's shift by persons of the blood—members of the Fon's own household were involved. So the Cameroonians



Unearthed, the sacred statue stands revealed in its primitive splendor, price \$25,000 F.O.B. New York.

were sequestered at getting the sacred statue back instantly. They felt pretty cocky at having threatened the entire United States military-industrial complex like that and having been taken seriously. It made them look at the situation in a new respect.

Nevertheless there was a question: whether they wanted it to go back to Koin. We learned that in Douala. We were told we would not be allowed to go to Koin! But God! Why were we flying ten thousand miles if not to deliver the Afo-A-Koin by hand to the Fon of Koin?

"Listen," Vice-Corral Cook explained, "the statue was officially presented to the Cameroon government last Friday at the Cameroon embassy in Washington. That's an official only diplomatic pouch, that box. Who's to open it?"

And he stroked loosely off to watch the press conference inside the modern plastic airport and hear the governor of the Littoral Province officially thank the United States government for restoring the statue and the Cameroon government. After which we flew on to Yaounde, the capital.

Cameroon is one of the more modern of the West African nations, but its problems are those of any developing country, and the sacred statue comes for down on poverty lists, long after jobs, education, polygamy, health, roads, communications, colonialism, and economic independence. This is a country with two hundred tribes speaking twenty-four languages plus the official French and English. The Republic has been operating for only fourteen years and skilled administrators for only two. The biggest problem is clan loyalty. So you can see how embarrassing it was to be handed this tribal totem.

While we were in Yaounde, the university students were demonstrating over tribal favoritism in handling of scholarships, and they were being clubbed by the police as are university students around the world, and four heads of state (from Niger, Nigeria, Chad, Central African Republic) were meeting in our hotel to discuss the Lake Chad water rights and how to control the Sahara Desert from crop-raiding south of it. By midday a year of drought and drought, and a satellite tracking station was being inaugurated, bringing in the first television picture seen in Cameroon, and a microwave station was being built; and the *Revue Centrale d'Afrique*, which is actually a creation of the French community with all profits flowing to the French, was transferring headquarters for the

first time to African soil. Then there was an, bringing back the Afo-A-Koin.

In Yaounde, the official delegations were guests of the government at the German-designed I.T.T.-Sharraton Hotel. The Palace Hotel, perched on a mountain high above the city, where we were stuck full of cholera and yellow-fever shots, tetanus and smallpox, and coping our anti-malaria pills and imported mineral water, and worrying about whether it was safe to eat, while the Geographic team with twenty-five Africans between them, including sleeping bags and tents and presents for the Fon (chiefs they were, and a separate expenditure from the kit on the expense account marked: "Gifts for Natives"), and for about ten days we saw only the inferno of airports and embassies. The hotel balconies overlooked the swimming pool, tennis courts and golf course, and the strange gaily expatriate of Africa. The white men rose from the blue-grey valleys around the seven plateau hills: a de Yonon landscape, exotique and exotic. At the pool a platoon of soldiers in khaki and gaiters, with white bandoliers across their black chests, stood natty guard, rifles ready, to protect the four heads of state staying in the hotel.

In front the chauffeurs were polishing their Mercedes limousines, and personally a head of state would leave the hotel in a red carpet ruled like a red carpet and the door, past the bowing attendants in flowing pink, white, and blue kaftans, to sleep in a semi-circular cascade down the mountainside with fourteen BMW's trailing like a comet in the night. You could tell this is a country that understands the trappings of power.

And so did our group, for we were not neophytes either. Right away we held a strategy meeting. At thirty that first morning in Yaounde we gathered in Geismann's room. Nothing was more to keep us from bringing grace to Koin. There were eight of us there: first was Larry Geismann, a chemical engineer, ex-vice president of Stein, Hall & Company, fifty-eight years old, the self-made son of a Queens shopkeeper, with business connections on three continents at his meeting he was great.

He looked around at Warren Robbins, director of the Museum of African Art in Washington, bearded in his grizzled beard; at Robbins' assistant, George Spensky, our token black; at the remainder five of us, neophytes all.

"The Cameroonians take the position," Geismann ex-

plained carefully, "that the statue belongs to their government. In fact they say all African art everywhere should be returned to the government. We not this through the Cameroon ambassador in Washington. We told him we were not giving the statue to the government of Cameroon but to the Koin people. The ambassador did not accept our position."

"I want to see the member of the bureau," volunteered Thomas Johnson, a slow and amiable black reporter who covers all things African for The New York Times. He had joined us in Douala. "He was upset," Johnson said, "that I had told the Fon about the statue's return and not him, the governor. He told me specially: 'This work is not the property of the people of Koin but of the people of Cameroon.'"

"Well, I didn't give this statue to be kept by the Cameroon government," snapped Geismann.

"We've gone to a lot of expense," murmured Robbins.

"It's clear they don't want the statue to go back to Koin!"

"Now, let's see what we can do," Robbins spoke up. "We can threaten to go home."

Geismann glared at him. "I don't think we should threaten anything unless we're willing to carry it out. It doesn't fit any good to go home."

"I just want to put it in perspective," Robbins defensively, "That's just the most extreme. We reject it as an objection."

"All right," Geismann said. "What are our alternatives? First we'll see the United States ambassador at lunch—Warren and I. We'll find out what he knows. Then we should put on subtle pressure. These people are fully aware of publicity and the importance of the Geographic with twenty-five million readers. And also of adverse publicity."

"Horrie we could get it to Koin," said Robbins, trying again, "and then the government can take it off as national treasure after we've left."

Geismann shot him a glance of dislike. "They also know if they don't return it they jeopardize their position in connection with the return of other works of art. We should let the embassy know," he said, "that we expect the fullest cooperation in the venture."

formal reception was arranged for at that night in the hotel ballroom, to present the statue to the Fon. I think the government would have been happy to go on home. No matter I was looking forward to meeting the septuagenarian researcher, from Yaounde, particularly at the moment I wanted to ask about his dogs and his monkey and his fifty wives, and if that was his first stop on a plane. Replied in his royal robes, charge-eyed, rufous-dressed, the ancient Fon arrived.

First off he introduced James Johnson to tell him The Times had inaccurately reported the Koin population as thirty-five thousand. It was actually eighty thousand. "Yes sir," Johnson definitely made a note "I'll correct that right away."

Then the mer curlews with the Afo-A-Koin were placed on the floor near the photographers, and the Fon himself moved with aristocratic dignity to the table. The box was about to be opened!

The grass above it, allowing, tripping for position. The metal wires were cut.

The lid began to rise, and flashbulbs were bursting expectantly when a cry came up: "Wait! Wait! The CBS man forgot his cable!"

Then, the lid shot up. It was events are the same the world over. The Fon smiled evenly, waiting for the press. He speaks only Koin, but he said to be a member of the House of Chiefs in Bahr when there was a local legislature. Under his robes he wears fine English leather shoes and green socks with a white stripe.

CBS is ready. The photographers jostle in seats, benches, and mezzanine.

The lid is closed. . . . The sacred packing paper is removed.

The center breaks. . . . And eye bandaged reporters are in a frenzy of excitement, pushing and shoving.

Gently, carefully, the sacred statue is lifted to its feet, appearing diminished in this modern Marshall surrounding. Gravelly the Fon approaches. Squinting against the floodlights, he passes them, he passes them from crown to chest, three amulets in deep and impressive lines. "This is the real Afo-A-Koin. This is the Koin thing." (At that moment in Koin a great thunderstorm swept the mountainsides. I was told this by Americans in Koin. Rooms of rain filled the palace in the night.)

"This is the Koin thing," says the Fon in Yaounde.

Geismann laughed and Robbins looked relieved, and cameras exploded in a thousand bursts of light. Everyone was happy. The Fon had invited us to come on up to Koin and we were all pleased, not knowing that the next day the government would void his extravagant hospitality.

Meanwhile the Fon was creeping around in back of the statue's head. No one is quite sure what he had. Some people heard him say that this was surely the real Afo-A-Koin because some blood was coming out of the head. And others heard him say some blood was coming out of his having been drenched in transit!

"It wasn't just as this trip," Robbins said dejectedly. "That I know. It must have been some other time. We never damaged that piece." No one was listening. The Fon was so insistent that he pressed Geismann's hand till he brought tears to the younger man's eyes. Geismann flexed his fingers angrily. We were herded out of the room while the sacred statue was repaired for another meeting in a few minutes. Warren passed champagne and whiskey, and the crowd consisted with Chinese, Russian, French and American diplomats who had been hastily summoned that very morning and who, accustomed to these inbred diplomatic receptions, descended on the hors d'oeuvre and caviar, stole no paper, which covered the center table in order the local presence of the Koin people. They consumed center, smoked salmon and deviled eggs with deafening din.

After a while there was the second ceremony, during which the Afo-A-Koin was again speckled in general applause (very forth with presentation so far); and the minister of education, French and American, Vronousa Tchikaya, in ermine feet and blue boots, pinned the Cameroon Medal of Honor first class on Geismann and second class on Robbins and Spensky—a fine medal depicting a black man bowing in a pensive field. And just as the minister launched into a speech, I met a French photographer, and he told me he was born in Koin. In fact his father was a possessor of the sacred statue. Paul was getting his Ph.D. in ethnology at the University of Freiburg, Switzerland. His dissertation was on Koin clans. (Continued on page 124.)

And this is the ruler of Koin, who adorned the whole heads in great dignity and English shoes.

Will Rogers Was No Damned Good

by H. Allen Smith

The first revisionist postscript to the life of an American saint

At the risk of being suspended by the neck from a cottonwood tree, I have in recent years been taking dead aim on the late Will Rogers and calling him somewhat of a fake and a fraud.

This is a hazardous undertaking because Will Rogers ranks as one of the few American saints—a religion unto himself—like Abraham Lincoln and, dropping down the scale a few notches, the Reverend Billy Graham. In the last few years there has been a sharp reexamination of interest in the Rogers mystique, owing in large part to the barnstorming tours of actor James Whitmore, who impersonates the one-pasture charabanc who himself was engaged in impersonating a crucifer-bared Virgin. The public has been looking steadily to the Whitmore neo-man shows, but then, as we know, the public is capable of impersonating a zoo, a street.

My aim in this feuilleton is to tell a single anecdote that I think is amusing, with a kicker at the end, but it is possible that I first set down a few facts and a few personal opinions about the so-called Sage of Oklahoma.

Was Rogers the "profound philosopher," some people called him? *Harve Wilkins?* He had a much better education than I got. The great bulk of his writing and rambling stage talk was staid and dull and had no art in it. He came up with a slight handful of gems, out of a vast output of spoken and written prose, then reformed his companions, not to work at typewriters, could have done better, given the time.

Consider his two most famous lines, the two most often quoted, even today in the *Time of Enlightenment*: "All I know is what I read in the papers." Study it a moment. Is it wise? Witty? Enlightened? And then, "I never met a man I didn't like." That's the line engraved at the base of the Will Rogers monument in Claremore, Oklahoma, and I have run that it was once printed on a United States postage stamp. In a book containing Rogers' fragmentary writings I found a more credible rendering of the celebrated line—the way Rogers himself said he spoke it: "I joked about every prominent man of my time, but I hardly ever met a man I didn't like." There is one hell of a heap of difference between "never" and "hardly ever."

If he did say "I never met a man I didn't like," then, in my opinion, he was guilty of uttering one of the stupidest statements in all recorded history. Further than that, if he did say it that way, he was speaking a lie; for, he met me and he didn't like me.

In truth he had the appearance of a rube and he sometimes put a strew in his mouth to point up the image. He cultivated that image assiduously. Gene

Fowler, who knew him, told me that Rogers had a standing order with his tailor to turn out suits with built-in wrinkles, cuffs high off the floor, and baggy pants that would reveal any cussing.

Rogers met me, the man he didn't like, at the arena in Cherokee where the annual Frontier Days rodeo is held. I was covering the 1928 event for the *Denver Post*. One afternoon word arrived in the press box that the great Will Rogers was wandering aimlessly around the infield and we reporters decided that it would be nice to have him sit with us so we could dress up our stories with comical Rogers commentary. I was designated a committee of one to go seek him out and invite him to come and watch the proceedings from a comfortable chair. I crossed the track and wandered around the dusty arena, and finally I found him. I introduced myself and told him how we would enjoy having him sit in the press box.

He told me to get lost. I persisted with the invitation, taking pains to avoid offending him—actually I was somewhat obnoxious in the knees from being in the presence of the great man and talking to him. He advised me to hit the road.

"He's real nice over there," I assured him, "out of the sun, and if you should want a drink we've got some paper mugs, and we'd all be greatly honored if you'd join us."

"Listen, kid," he said brusquely, "go on back to your little press box and don't come around bothering me. I don't wanna sit in your little press box. Now, beat it, and leave him alone."

The outburst-for business of the Oklahoma land head nearly knocked me down. I wanted to speak a two-word expletive to him—an expletive that later became extremely popular in the armed forces of our land. But I stood there a moment in confusion and then I turned and made my way back and told the newspaper gang what he had said. They spoke the two-word expletive, changing the pronoun from "you" to "him."

I was just past twenty at the time, and impressionable. I have read somewhere that when Lewis S. Clark arrived in New York and got a job as a reporter he tried to interview a man he worshiped (as I do to this day) and Mark Twain was grossly rude to him. This experience all but ruined Lewis Cobb for life—he never really got over it. I was not scared for life by Will Rogers. I don't think I was scared for more than twenty minutes. But I didn't forget his insulting manner. At the time I had some vague idea that I might write a scathing magazine article about him, a wonderful thing to do, but I am human like most people. I have been insulted and re- (Continued on page 112)



Illustrated by Gil Elvgren



anhore. But he is perceptive, rational. —How can I be like you if you tell me to be a ha'd ga'wah? And why would you tell me to be such a thing?

—The ha'd ga'wah, explains the writer, is a repentance; the one whose repentance is genuine, without words or like a flower. He is the one who must only turn his face downward to the ground, never looking at what he sees. I myself am never coming enough to be a genuine ha'd ga'wah; I was almost too busy for it. It was never necessary for me to forgive anyone. I was naturally like that. But you are not. So you must move in a way I cannot. I perceive ha'd ga'wah, but submission and yet so ingenious that you will fool God and all life.

The student is impatient: —How does that come into that? He's talking only of oblivion.

Of course. Of course. Of course. You recall: "All that is not Torah is lying." This is the truth to be feared of the end of every moment, even this one. —You see, the old man continues, my place can easily be taken. A hawk, and it's yours, I will not watch over it if I forget that someone is after it. But you need me to forget me to forget.

—Now? asks the student, growing cold with greed.

—By never seeing him again.

—Is a job?

—And then I will forget you. I will forget I could ever see you again.

—But you will come and stand if. You will be so expert, so shy, so ingenious, so adroit, I will never suspect you.

—A really job? You want to be paid not of me? It's mocking, you forget what it is to get rid of me. In old age everything is money, nothing else could give.

That nonsense, inside the student's hope, and within the sense of his words, is a real fog address.

—Nothing more? Yes; true. At the moment, for instance, I forget nothing more than my little business.

—What say [the student is an old man on a frozen path, all his voice are paths of me], they say you're going to use the Nobel Prize for literature?

—When I say, I sleep dreamlessly. I don't dream of such things. Come, let me help you come to rest.

—It's hard for me to be so old now. I'm young, I want what you have, I want to be like you?

—When I say, I sleep dreamlessly. I don't dream of such things. Come, let me help you come to rest.

—It's hard for me to be so old now. I'm young, I want what you have, I want to be like you?

How I will interrupt the man's story to apologize. I would not be careful if I did not refuse that I am not writing it. I am almost certain that it is my own, and that will never be an act of plagiarism. I don't mean only that I have not it more or less in order, and taken out the mark. That is only by the way. But, by sticking to what I said and what the other answered, I have broken my promise. I am already I have been here and there. On the man's story was being? Philosophy starts make excellent habits.

So, going on with my own version (I hate stories with ideas hidden in them), I will wrap out of paraphrase and invent what you like to do.

But the other answer? Let me help you come to rest," the writer gets up and, with dizzy sleepy steps, half lunge to a table covered by a cloth that falls to the floor. He separates the parts of the cloth, and now the darkness underneath the table takes on a beat. In the crowd, the flag clings, his arms move like a tree. He calls out two words in Hebrew: *shel shalom* and looks out, carrying with him a large black box. It looks like a lady's hatbox.

"An admirer goes on this. Only not an admirer of

our own time. A predecessor. I had it from Tolstoy's book. The poet I presume you know his work?"

"A little," says the student. His lesson to wish he had based up before coming.

Tolstoy's book was already dead when he brought me this," the old man explains. "One night I was sitting right there—where you are now. I was reading Tolstoy's book's most famous poem, the one to the end of April. And quite suddenly there was Tolstoy's book. It disappointed me. It was a completely traditional poem, you could see right through him to the world behind. This of course made it difficult to study his features. The will behind—you can observe for yourself—held a bookcase, so where his nose appeared to be I could read only the title of a treatise of the Mishnah. A ghost can be seen mainly in culture, unfortunately, something like an artist's charcoal, only only instead of the blackness of charcoal, it is the narrow brilliance of a very fine white light. But what he carried was palpable, even heavy—this box. I was not at all terrified, I can't tell you why. Indeed, I was amazed by the kind of picture he made against the wall—"writers". I would have called it that, but probably there are new words for that sort of thing now. It reminded me a little of a collage, one kind of material superposed on another kind which is utterly different. One order of creation laid upon another. Metal on wood, or wood on metal. It was a three-dimensional world superimposed on a line—the line, or luminous energies of lines, being Tolstoy's hands, ghost hands holding a real box.

The student stares at the box. He waits like a cat eager to be struck.

The fact is," continues the old writer, "I have never opened it. Not that I'm not as imaginative as the next mortal. Perhaps more so. But it wasn't necessary. There is something about the presence of an imagination that satisfies all curiosity forever—the deeper as well as the more superficial. I don't know if I should tell you everything, and all at once. A ghost may look artistic, but there is no essence to it, nothing indirect or calculated, nothing supernatural suggested. It is as if everything happening had gone simply into the wall of it. The rest is all guesswork. On the superimposed line, I am sure, there are some writers, but a certain elegance, this is what I myself believe. All that passion and earth-weeping? That pursuit of the old gods of Greece? He thunders his tongue with clay. All postures are for him. Likewise Tolstoy's and Gorky's of every kind. How can a piece of creation be its own Center?

"Still, his voice had rather a pretty sound. To describe it is to be obliged to ask you to recall the sound of pebble's a lady's part, only shaped into nearly any kind of captive music. I remember. He told me that he was reading the study in Rome and approved of my status. He had, he assured me, a number of favorites, but best of all he liked a quite short tale—no more than a notebook sketch, really—about why the Messiah will come.

In this story the Messiah is easily to come. He enters a synagogue and prepares to appear at the very moment he knows the congregation recite the 'I believe.' He stands there and looks, waiting to make himself visible on the last syllable of the verse I believe in the coming of the Messiah, and even if he hears I will never do so every day. He has agreed the ark and lotus, lotus and lotus—all the time he is straining his ears. The fact is, he can hear nothing: the congregation comes with its own talk—talk, neither, because. (Continued on page 154)

Did you hear the one about the traveling salesman who...

...knew four different perfect ways to pack a suitcase?

By Richard Joseph

By dead reckoning I figure that I must have packed and unpacked my bags somewhere close to 35000 times, not counting G.I. footlockers and duffel bags. The total is based on my being out of the country an average of ten days a month, plus a fair amount of domestic travel, projected against the number of years I've been Travel Editor of this man's magazine, and estimating a check-out and check-in every couple of days or so. In addition to machines and an untold number of suitcases, thus moving about has developed a reasonable quantity of travel knowledge or pack-knowledge which I herewith classify thus:

There's no such thing as a perfect piece of luggage. I've discovered, in different travel situations require differing solutions, and on the four following pages I've presented four travel problems together with the wardrobe and luggage most likely to solve them. All luggage, even the most expensive, represents a compromise—of its light it's fragile, and if its strong it's relatively heavy. It takes weight to keep up suitcases to the point where they can withstand the battering of baggage handlers, human and mechanical. And until luggage manufacturers master the art of weaving wool bear hide with steel cables, any fabric can fail victims to the men whom Temple Plinkard began the transportation magazine industry to make those L-shaped slashes in the sides of suitcases.

Leather luggage is bookends, but it's not for a traveler coping with the 44-pound economy-class airline luggage allowance. It's expensive, too, and issues of fine leather have been known to warp at the same dimensions when they're seen what has happened in their beautiful bags or trunks. So look to the following pages for some of the most useful compromise luggage I've been able to find. Meanwhile, though, remember that certain rules of good packing apply to whatever type of luggage you might be packing in.

First thing to do is to spread out on a bed or the largest flat surface you can find all the clothes and accessories you're absolutely convinced you'll need on your trip. Second thing to do is carefully put back at least half the stuff you assembled. One of the great travel mistakes is sorting too much along. At this point, the spreading-out is important. It gives you a chance to coordinate your wardrobe and to winnow your clothing down to a comfortable minimum.

Combine yourself in a couple of hand colors and mix and match your accessories. It's a good idea, too, to write a list of what you're taking along. This will help you assemble your things for packing, it will provide a checklist to assure you're not leaving anything in

hotel rooms along the way, and it might prove useful in filing a claim in case an airline loses your luggage—a situation not properly rehearsed.

Pack shoes in the bottom of your bag—not first, in a flat bag, so that they'll actually ride on the safe of the case—but so they'll be at the bottom of the bag when it's standing up. Pack everything heavy that way, too. See the photo on page 155, which illustrates the right position for shoes and also shows them secured in a pair of airline-style foot locks. Or wrap shoes in plastic bags or old dry-cleaning bags to keep them from soiling your clothes. Instead of using shoe tins, roll your socks in your shoes to keep them in shape and save luggage space.

Should you be carrying books or anything in a breakable bottle, roll a couple of socks over the bottle, wrapping the foot of the socks around the neck, then roll the bottle in underwear. It's a good way, too, to carry rolled underwear on route. And always pack breakables in the center of your luggage—padded on all sides by layers of shirts, underwear and pajamas.

If you're buying new shirts, pajamas or underwear for the trip, don't open their original plastic envelopes, but pack them just as they are. They will stay neat and the bags will be useful for repacking along the way.

Try to talk friends and distant relatives out of giving you any of their hand-me-downs filled with insecticide as a going-away gift. They're extravagant weight-wasters; and I've always found it convenient to throw my toilet articles into a small folding leather or synthetic-leather kit or a plastic or rubberized bag.

Whenever possible, keep your toilet kit in the last carry-on you're carrying with you on the plane. That will enable you to freshen up along the way as well as at your brief on arrival. Should your check-through baggage be delayed. And do the same with your camera and film: there's always the chance that your luggage might be X-rayed. For the same reason, tell your current and the rest of your carry-on bag and carry them through the pre-boarding security check.

One thing you're sure to find useful is a small transistor radio. It's fun to listen to local programs abroad, and transmit in on the American Foreign Network, the English-language Voice of America, and even the BBC will often be your best means of keeping up with the news—if you want to.

And, finally, don't panic if you find you've forgotten to take something along. You're not headed for Siberia or China, so you'll be able conveniently to buy any small item you might have forgotten. And even if you're headed for just about anywhere these days—except, maybe, the works of Alexander Solzhenitsyn.



Around the World in 44 Pounds

The problem—how to cram enough clothes for a month's journey around the world into the 44-pound economy-class airline baggage allowance, with provisions for hot and cold weather extremes encountered en route. No problem. Thanks to the twelve to twenty-four-hour laundry services provided by most hotels, a ten-day supply of shirts, socks and underwear is more than adequate. And, meeting different people at different places, you need no dazzling variety of outfits. Packed into the center of the Wings E-4 Flight Bag (\$180 plus tax at Saks Fifth Avenue) shown hanging above are a mid-weight brown suit and light-weight suit, sports jacket and 2 pr. slacks. Packed into the

bag's three side pockets (which you can't see because they're on the opposite side) are 4 ties, 6 shirts (3 short-sleeved), 3 sport shorts, 3 knit skirts or polo shorts, 8 sets light underwear, 1 set heavy underwear, 6 pr. socks, swim shorts, walking shorts, 2 pr. pajamas, 1 heavy sweater, dress shoes, walking shoes, dress belt, sports belt, socks, folding clippers, 3 handkerchiefs. Total weight, packed bag: 28 lbs. Into the Helikon Over-the-Shoulder Bag (134 lbs., \$135), shown left—which tucks under plane seat—go toilet kit, camera and 35-film magazine. The wardrobe to wear on route: jacket, pullover, slacks, bootie-type shoes, and a rain cap to be tucked into pocket of Burberry with removable lining



A Two-Week Caribbean Cruise

Because you're seen by the same people all the time on a cruise or at a resort, you need far fewer clothes than for an around-the-world trip (see facing page) or for a hot and cold weather flight to South America, Australia or New Zealand, where the seasons you arrive in is the opposite of the one you've just left. Bagged weight is no problem aboard ship but why skimp on a lot of luggage? So into the Pullen 32-inch suitcase (\$134) with rollers for convenient portmanteau handling, we packed the wardrobe shown above: 1 tropical dressy jacket, evening gown, 1 lightweight suit, 2 evening skirts, socks and ties, straw, cuff links, suspenders and evening shoes, dress shoes, desk

shoes and pool slippers, 2 pr. swim trunks, 3 pr. walking shorts, 2 lightweight jackets and slacks, 11 sport shirts (4 short-sleeved), 3 T-shirts or polo shirts, 6 sets underwear, 6 ties, 3 scarves, 6 dress shirts, medium-weight sweater, tennis sweater, 2 beach robes, socks, folding clippers, 2 pr. pajamas, 4 pr. dress socks, 6 pr. sports or crew socks, handkerchiefs, a dress belt and 3 sports belts and toilet kit. Into the matching Pullen extendable duffel bag (see how it sits smaller and larger, top left; \$65) go camera, film and a bottle of champagne for the boo-boo-free party. The duffel is useful, too, for packing your acquisitions together for Customs. To sail from the ship, wear the outfit on the facing page.



A One-Week or Two-Week Ski Vacation

Sliding in South America, New Zealand and Australia begins just about when the ski season is ending in Europe and North America and the same basic outfit will serve you well wherever and whenever you go and how-ever long you want to be there. Into the Louis Vuitton Carry-De Fold-Over Gun-Surfer (R195), shown hanging above, we've packed a parka and ski pants, business suit, belt and 3 ties. (Apartment in line for resort, but suppose you want to go out once again in Santiago, Chile, Zurich, Zipsley, Zurich or Denver.) Ski shoes, packed in a packet on the other side of the bag, are 6 sets light under-mer, 3 shirts, 3 sport shirts, 2 scarves, and handker-

chiefs. Into the matching Vuitton duffel (R200) go ski and apres-ski boots, 6 pr. ski socks, 4 pr. socks, ski gloves, goggles, ski cap, bulky sweater, light sweater, 3 sets thermal underwear or long Johns, robe, folding slippers, 2 pr. pajamas, swim trunks and toilet kit. Duffel bag weighs 36 lbs. all packed; the Carry-De Fold-Over Gun-Surfer, 57 lbs.—total luggage weight, 93 lbs. Skis and poles go into matching Vuitton ski case (R90). Vuitton's was the only ski-luggage combination of this sort we could find. Some skiers have a separate flat charge for ski equipment, and packing boots with skis would make luggage much lighter. Traveling outfit shown on page 130 complete wardrobe.



A Fortnight of European Luxury

Even luggage-based among air travelers can pack a wardrobe suitable for a luxury tour of Europe into their 44-pound suitcase. The Orisbon-Mack Thru-Suitcase Roll-Away, above (R79), has a unique packing arrangement. Into the right side we put two business suits. Trousers go in first, laid out straight along the crease, then the jackets on top. The suitcase lies flat over the packing rack with 6 ties in shown, and finally the hats and the shoes of the jackets fold neatly over into the case. Into the other side, folded and arranged as shown, go all the rest: dress shoes with socks or plastic or cloth covers and 6 pr. socks rolled inside, belt, lightweight paj-

amas, 2 pr. pajamas, 6 sets underwear, 4 shirts, 2 scarves, robe, folding slippers, swim trunks, handkerchiefs. Total weight: 26 lbs. Traveling clothes shown on page 130 provide a sports outfit and complete the wardrobe. The Wraps and canvas knapsack (R12.50, 2 lbs. empty) is right for money, film, sunglasses, toilet kit and so-flight reading material and it provides spare luggage space for packing provisions on the return flight. (Customers will look kindly on your keeping them together.) Thru-suitcase has built-in telescopic rollers on bottom and detachable strap for fastening in portacabin trunk. All other bags on this and the three preceding pages are from Saks Fifth Avenue.

Cry, The Beloved Country Ham

by James Villas

How the Pig Conglomerate wants to off your taste

What you're looking at is a genuine Southern country ham. No, not a Southfield or a Suffolk or a Westphalian or any other of those fancy hams often spotted in gourmet shops or propped up elegantly in silver racks at both American and European hotels. Just plain old country ham right off the farm, salt-cured, uncured, unsmoked, naturally dry-aged with plenty of airy surface mold, and unforgotably delicious. Unless you were raised in the South or spent lots of time there, I doubt if you've ever tasted country ham like this, or any at all. And even if, like myself, you did grow up in the South and did develop from childhood an everlasting passion for the mouth-watering stuff, more than likely most of what you're finding today is that pinkish-red, lustrous, packaged josh stacked in every Southern supermarket, and not this rare type of ham I recently lugged out of the Blue Ridge Mountains of North Carolina.

Well, you'd better take a good look, for not only are the processes of ever-lasting good country ham dwindling day by day, but in all likelihood you won't even be able to find one like this ten years from now.

Some of America's most adept industrial technologists, namely the technology hucksters, have been putting in overtime and doing a better job than ever gradually transforming every perishable item we put in our mouths, including many of the country's most respected regional products. The exact identity of these culinary wonders is not easy to pinpoint, but you can be sure that among the villages are the food engineers associated with top-league food manufacturers and agricultural "extension services" at major universities, state inspection agen-

cies, and, of course, the officials at the U.S.D.A. Together they help form a conglomerate that not only defines competition but dictates at an ever-increasing rate what we eat and cannot eat.

Until fairly recently, the success of this conglomerate has revolved primarily around the technological production of staple foodstuffs. Things like processed meats saturated with nitrites, nitrates, and God-knows-what-other-preservatives; artificially ripened fruit and uniformly colored vegetables; plastic chicken; imitation margarine and other non-dairy milk products; synthetic seasonings, flavorings, sweeteners; and all the other mass-produced people have been conditioned to eat. A few manufacturers, such as General Mills and Miles Laboratories, have even specialized in factory-made food, farm-to-act, in huge containers, margarine substitutes (or "margarines") of chicken, beef chunks, ham, pork sausage, hamburger, and coffee. You'd think there would be a limit to this sort of assembly-line just wait. The future promises man-made steak and mushroom!

So far I've complained very little about these scientific triumphs. After all, with a modicum of effort I've always been able to locate homemade breads, fresh herbs and spices, natural-aged cheeses, plus any number of delicacies that could be flown in from one place or another. But now, I suspect, how dare those regulations so much as get near my country ham, or any other regional product steeped in sacred tradition? They're simply rubbing too far, and, unless they're stopped, the day will undoubtedly come when they will succeed in transforming and standardizing even the sweet and moist sweetly located foods indigenous to various areas of the nation. As if the prob-

lems were not bad enough already, more of us with any pretensions pride whatsoever can afford to tolerate this form of radical, free-wheeling exploitation.

What is happening to country ham is exemplary. Some months ago, when I learned that the U.S.D.A., in close association with other powers, has been on the verge of leaving a standard for cured country hams (or, to use the official terminology, hams labeled "country"), I got my hands on copies of the department's original 1971 and revised 1972 proposals, both of which produced a sort of gustatory shock. Once I'd acquired the expertise necessary to decipher and analyze the various standards in the documents, I wrote letters, made phone calls, asked a million questions (too many of which remain unanswered), and eventually set out to learn firsthand from farmers the extent to which the quality of their product has been affirmed by new state and Federal regulations. Sadly enough, my findings confirmed much of what I feared to be true, and, at least at this point, I have every reason to believe that if the U.S.D.A. succeeds in issuing the standard, any future possibility of accepting authentic country ham is short as mumps in the areas where it's produced.

So when did all the action start, and how has the problem gotten out of hand? Back in the Forties and early Fifties, when small producers were first left alone to raise hogs, process their own meat, then cure and age it according to generations-old practices, we had plenty of good ham. The shanks, tightly sacked and hung up in a smokehouse or basement, were mellow, strongly colored by any number of spices, full of undertones from curing and long natural aging, and by no stretch of the imagination pretty,



Photographed by Michel Tchernovitch

No one in his right mind ever boiled a properly cured, well-aged ham to get rid of the slightly salty but homey flavor. You just cut it off a little for breakfast, then it is a shillet for a couple of minutes, then make red-eye gravy by adding a little water or coffee to the drippings in the pan. No one ever thought about then that delectable ham had passed rigid inspections, so one of my knowledge ever constructed a case of trichinosis.

In fact, practically the only thing that worried anybody in both urban and rural areas was whether this or that farmer had had the time and money during the preceding year to furnish all his customers with a fifteen- to twenty-pound ham.

For the mid-Edifiers, what had always been a small business based primarily on personal transactions between farmers and regular clients began developing into a multi-level technological enterprise. No doubt you could still find peasant country hams without much trouble, but it became pretty obvious to real hams lovers that the thinly sliced, under-salted, processed variety was anything but trouble. Although few people had heard of, much less kept up with, the programs of university food-science departments or the projects of large packing houses, it is for sure that by the early Sixties these forces were in full swing, the first trying to teach farmers how to double their volume and run a sizable profit, and the second emphasizing on whatever increasing demand customers might have been encouraged to make for prosciutto (trash) hams.

A few years later, all small producers were hit hard by the passage of the Wholesome Meat Act, designed in 1957 by the sanitation-obsessed Agriculture Department to "protect consumers from contamination or adulteration of meat products by plants operating exclusively within the states" and not subject to Federal inspection. Although, predictably, this program has mostly proved to have been basically ineffective, it nevertheless succeeded in placing huge, ultra-modern meat plants at a clear advantage over the farmer, and enabled companies like Armour to market and popularize, with minimum interference, more and more streamlined hams, or, according to the package label, "country-style" or "country-bred" hams. It seems that almost everybody had a piece

of the action—everybody, that is, except the farmer, who more often than not was in no position to protect either his product or his reputation but responsible history. No one member of the conglomerate was necessarily connected with all the others at the time, but, somehow, all managed to help exploit either the city or the rural's culinary desires while at the same time endorsing the farmer's role.

The inevitable U.S.D.A. proposal to set a standard for country (sorry, I mean "country")—that is, "country" in quotes) hams and pork shoulders was entered in the Federal Register on July 18, 1973. It came so as a shock that the petition was a "group of meat processors in North Carolina" and that most preliminary information on processing practices came not only from those turning out hams, but from universities, state agencies, and trade organizations. (I'm still a little baffled by that last one but take it to mean supermarkets.) After wading through all the well-wooded ball about the deceptive labeling of hams and the petitioners' concern for consumer interests, I finally hit upon this short but key sentence: "The proposed standard of identity for these pork products would classify the word 'country' as a generic name to indicate the type of product and not the location where produced."

When the 1972 proposal (the one still being acted upon) was drawn up as a result of comments received by the department on the earlier 1971 proposal, this isolated sentence was listed as one of the main points on which general agreement was indicated (by mostly whom, I'm not so certain). Since it seemed fairly logical that the farmers themselves would be allowing their own throats by supporting such a suggestion, and even more logical that the big boys could only benefit from the subsequent entry, I checked to find out the U.S.D.A.'s present regulations governing the labels for hams. It didn't take long to learn that the department saw provided for the unspecified term "country" to be used on labels only when the hams are actually prepared on the farm or in the country, and that the term "country-style" is approved for labeling hams "that are processed with salt and cured and dried, or cured, dried, and smoked, with no regard to the location of the processing facility or to specific curing and aging times and conditions."

It's pretty obvious that the present regulations on labeling (as on the destruction of possible live trichinosis) could not be any more precise and that, contrary to what those nameless petitioners would have us believe, there's no deception whatsoever implied. It's all very simple and clear. Only that ham which is cured and aged in the country or on a farm can be labeled country ham. However, that just happens not to fit into the plans of the opportunists who are playing for almost unlimited processing power, and thus most of the profits, with no concern at all for the small producer or the quality of ham. What astounds me most is that the U.S.D.A. has not only failed to question seriously the validity of the proposal but, according to W.J. Hilar, chief of the department's Product Standards Staff, has been "actively engaged for several years in efforts to promulgate a comprehensive standard."

To get a clearer idea of the conglomerate's power over small food producers, let's consider a few facts. Food scientists (and, incidentally, an education action claim that their primary function is to help the farmer, or, as John A. Charatan, administrative coordinator of the Food Science Institute at North Carolina State University at Raleigh, informed me, to help "produce a high-quality product with good consumer acceptance at as low a cost as possible to the consumer") have claimed that no other industry is as safe as the meat industry. Perhaps this is true, perhaps their overall intentions are indeed honest, but it is hard to see how over the past twenty years (the period during which such services have been developed) so few than two million family farms have disappeared from the face of the nation, while the production costs of these still functioning have risen one hundred twenty percent. Even more tragic is the recent assertion by one United States senator that today food manufacturers are driving small farmers out of business at the rate of a thousand per year, and that the major corporations are in a position to control not only what the farmer produces but also his access to the market and the prices he receives. Add to this the determination of the industry to turn out more and more streamlined forms of meat products and to be conditioned to any and every marketed item, the tendency of the Agriculture Department. (Continued on page 111.)

Memoirs of a Nearsighted Spy

by Helen Lawrence

With a little help from her friends, she could have prevented World War II . . . maybe



Lawrence, above, at the end of the Spanish Civil War, July 2, 1938, looking out for South America on her first and last engagement.

There was a period in my life when several people thought I would make a great spy. The first time this was launched, I was flattered. A man I knew called me and said it was important that I meet him at the Washington Square Arch in Greenwich Village because there was something he could not discuss over the telephone. His tone was so urgent that I was nervous, so I went. My friend was with another man who looked like an old gray mouse. The mouse said he was going to give me an opportunity to save my country. It seemed there was a man living in the Arizona Hotel at West Seventy-third Street and Broadway, who was believed to be the link between Trotsky, then alive in Mexico, and his followers here. The idea was that I should take a room on the same floor, strike up an acquaintance, get into the luck man's room and, personally when he was not looking, steal his secret papers. I hurriedly said, "You must be kidding." I said, "For one thing, I'm not going to lurk around a hotel trying to pick up some chance. I'm no good as a lurker. For another, I'm blind as a bat. I'd probably steal his laundry list. Who ever heard of a nearsighted

spy?" I concluded then it was a terrible idea and that was that.

However, in the Spring of 1938 I received an approach from another source, a reputed French intermediary to visit the ninth floor of Communist Party headquarters on East Thirtieth Street. I was not a Party member but I certainly was close, and I felt anyone said "ninth floor" I knew it was the office. The Spanish Civil War was still going on, and I felt more strongly about it then about any other international event before or since, so I would have done almost anything to help those who in my opinion were on the side of the angels. I turned on that what I had in mind was South America. I talked chitchat with a Venezuelan I was to know only as Ricky. Ricky had figured out that we were relatives because he was married to my second husband's first wife's sister. I pointed out that this was actually an intimate bond and anyway I had been divorced for two years, with my second husband married to his third wife, but Ricky laughed and made the shatteringly inapposite comment that it didn't matter because all American women were frigid, pronouncing the last word with a

hard ("he") He wanted to know if I could go to South America and get some information for them. I said I had never been but would love to do so and was sure I could arrange a trip to write travel articles for various glossy magazines. What information would he like me to get? His reply: "South America." "What you to survey the canal in the south of Chile from a strategic military point of view?" I griped. When I started to answer that I wasn't exactly qualified for the kind of task, he interrupted. "Those canal people are very stupid in another word, was in the 1914-1915 was an entire German squadron led there." "What were they doing hiding in the south of Chile?" The war was more than five decades later away. "Formerly he explained: Vice-Admiral Graf von Spee's East Asiatic Cruiser Squadron of the Imperial German Navy was a base, and he was planning to attack British ships on route to Argentina for wheat and meat, and at one time captured a British fleet and shotwater it. In the next war, Rieck said, the nation that controlled those canal would have a strong military advantage. I told him I believed him but I didn't think I was the right person to investigate. "You will be fine," he said. "Besides, we don't have expense here."

I arranged to write articles for *Vogue*, *Harper's Bazaar* and *Time & Country*, and these assignments secured me free passage on *Grave Lake* ships. Bernard J. Harsh, president of international relations in several American embassies and also his friend Gordon Bentshler, president and director of the National City Bank of New York, to notify the bank's managers in various South American cities to give me every assistance, while Armando Egger, a Chilean journalist, gave me letters to friends in Santiago and John Wheeler, head of the North American Newspaper Alliance syndicate, wrote me a "To Whom It May Concern" letter of accreditation. No one had an inkling of the true purpose of my trip, except Rieck and his overseas, who were unable to give me a single name as to how to reach the Chilean coast, where the Communist Party was legal—because they had lost all their contacts through the brutal police-state repression of military dictatorships. They wanted me to track down, if possible, any underground resistance groups and report their activities to the American intelligence and military penetration of the continent. Rieck told me I wrote in code to a woman named Olga in Costa Island. I had to memorize her address and then deliver it. I was going into into the unknown and I suppose I should have been apprehensive, but I'm afraid I took rather larkly attitude, and I called blithely off on the *Señor Lasso* on July 3, 1978, thinking that if my fellow passengers only knew what I was up to, they would be making each other and whispering. "Who is that beautiful international spy?"

I soon was in contact with the most spectacular of the first-class passengers, Colonel Ricardo Astudillo de Rosales, president of his country's railroad, who had been in North America to buy second-hand locomotives. He was over six feet, looked like a cross between Wallace Berry and Victor McLaglen, and had a full head of white hair. He was from the countryside on St. Martin (because, so they said, he had three kids), a hero of border wars, former Secretary of War, of the Navy and Aviation, of Public Works, of Education, and the Premier of Ecuador, all more or less at the same time. Bright and brave, he had been educated at a school where Rieck had been a teacher. The owner who gave him his own name and sent him to school, unbeknownst to the general run of wealthy, poverty-stricken Quichuas, descendants of the Incas.

If I had any notion of traveling inconspicuously, it was dispelled at the first port, Colima, where I was met by reporters (probably alerted by the Grace Line publicity department. This was to be the pattern along the rest coast) from press articles, photographs, interviews, even, in one paper, a business headline. At the reason, I was considered newsworthy was because I had written *Latinas Are Living Louder*, one might have expected hostility from the press, but instead the coverage was heavily flattering ("Not only is she young and good-looking, but she has a magnetic personality and is extraordinary in her approach on the subject..."). The lethal quality is that indefatigable something which comes a man, even when out with his wife or the Number One Girl Friend, to stop dead in his tracks and drool...") Naturally, I logged it up, but I also considered that it established my cover.

Colonel Astudillo was met by Colonel Eduardo Alfaro, Rosales' second general, and instead of going through the canal on the ship, the three of us crossed the isthmus by train to Panama City, where Alfaro had arranged for us an audience with President Amador, following which he took us to meet the governor and then let us on a dizzy tour of the military barracks, the jail, two hospitals and the air base, ending with a drive into the countryside, past sugarcane trees in rows and acres of yellow flowers, and a pile of old stones where, so he informed us, came Bolivia once upon a time, exclaiming, "How people are poor waters!" When we returned to Panama City, the newspapers were out, proclaiming my arrival, as a result of which an ex-president, Fernando Ariza (in Panama every third president is named Ariza, so it seems), gave a champagne supper in my honor in a local clubhouse somewhat informally called the Balboa Bar Garden. He had graciously ordered a special session of congress, and I was the only woman among the leaders of the Congress, while the Congress kept laughing to their feet to propose golf links, the gift of which was how much my visit was going to further the cause of international goodwill. The supper ended on the high diplomatic note, and Astudillo and I went off to inspect the night club, reporting my sleep the next day. (Rieck's first remark when I returned to Panama to do a piece for *Rolling Stone*, the telephone rang in my suite at the El Panama Hotel and a male voice said, "The last time you were in Panama I was a little boy. But now I am grown up and I would like to see you.") It was Harold Ariza, whom I didn't know him, but I like to think that I had become a family legend.)

Astudillo left the ship at the lovely, glimmering port of Guayaquil. I went ashore with him and he introduced me to a group of military men, one of whom commiserated with me with a complete set of Rosales' railway timetable, something I had always wanted. We also visited the navy, which at that time consisted of two ships. I inspected only the *Escuadra*, the *El Alamo*, formerly an American *William* and later a *U.S.S. Albatross*, which was at anchor when we came on board, and the officers, who were very handsome, took me to the lounge, where they played me with champagne and cookies, played their jazz records, and kept trying to show away the crew, who were peering in the portholes and wishing at me. I was in a hurry to get back to the ship, but I was told that these musical lingo, I dutifully made a "Dear Olga" letter, the first and the last, before Astudillo took me back to the ship. His wanted me to give him

my contrapuntal diagrams as he could have they applied and introduce us to among the Indians. I refused that business opportunity to control the Rosales' harbors, selfishly insisting that I might need it on the rest of my trip, on which that was the extent to which a hint that I promised I would stop off on my return voyage.

Things were drier on shipboard without him. The next port was in Peru, where we didn't stay long enough for me to do my Mata Hari impersonation, which was just as well because Peru was one of the worst of the military dictatorships, with the infamous distinction of having occurred in the Americas the use of electric-shock torture as a method of political prisoners. All coast opportunity to the regime had been crushed, and a United States ambassador who happened to mention democracy in a radio speech was promptly cut off the air, without his knowledge, so that he went on and finished his speech but nobody in Peru heard him. I learned the truth over glass once at the Rio de Janeiro, Costa Rica, in Lima, where my informant, a journalist, was careful to keep his voice low, as in Peru a man was considered a coward if he spoke out, and he was so sure he thought people ought to have the vote—and by people he need not mean peasants or workers but just the middle class.

To Arica, our first destination port, we took on a few special passengers: an American ambassador and some rich Chileans with whom he had been doing business. They were very drunk and remained in that state the rest of the voyage, so I didn't present my letter from Harold. I did not go to Santiago, and attended a party at an embassy, where the ambassador's condition was the same as on shipboard and I gathered it was chronic. His attitude toward Chileans, with the exception of a few middle-class persons, was one of contempt. He was a member of the National City Bank manager and also the latter's wife (I went to a bridge party with her, all North American women, where the idea of socializing conversation was to discuss how ignorant and stupid the "Latin" were.) I found this to be a pleasant attitude among my diplomatic representatives throughout Latin America. The last thing in the world they were interested in, or knew anything about, was the welfare of the common people in the countries to which they were accredited. Their chief aim was to bolster the income tax, nor can I say today that our policy has improved much in the last quarter century, especially in view of the obvious affinity with which we recognized the present Chilean junta, another shining example of what we call "the free world," meaning "the free market." (Our president of South America in such terms I had heard the methods we have considered, or now strive to achieve this—makes the negotiations look like the Salvation Army.)

I spent a total of five weeks in Chile. The *Señor Lasso*

docked at Valparaiso eighteen days after we left New York, and if it had been one more day I would have jumped aboard, I was so bored with the cruise passengers.

I took the train to Santiago and checked in at the Ritz. I was rich for some time.

I didn't even need to speak but went out on the street, found a newspaper, bought a newspaper I could see was *Contratista*, looked up the address on the masthead, hailed a taxi and told the driver to take me there. "Come on," he said, which is a Chilean phrase meaning "Why not?" used in response to anything I said. I asked a waiter to bring me coffee and he says, "Why not?" Tell him you want your bill and he says, "Why not?" Remark that it's a beautiful day and he says, "Why not?" In contrast to the movie life, the effect of day had been an awakening that I belonged around Santiago, and if I were to become the news from Ghent to Aix. At Communist headquarters I asked for the two men whose names Rieck had given me.

Rieck had given me. It turned out one was a senator, the other a divine and congress was in session, but that didn't stop me. I went there, managed to talk to them during an interval, made an appointment to see them, and left them benumbed. I'm sure (although I obviously ended myself to Carlos Contreras, who was also head of the Communist Party, when he asked me if I was a Party member and I replied "No, pero muy simpático," thinking I was saying that I was sympathetic) that I was sympathetic. "No, but I am very sympathetic." I was still afternoon when I left the parliament building, so I had a quick lunch in a café and took a taxi to the Ritz.

A newspaper in opposition to the government, published and edited by *Arturo Jara* (who later became Chilean general in New York and then ambassador in Washington), to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was a friendly, busy man, and I was greeted a perpetual melancholy. We chatted awhile and he asked me to have dinner with him that evening. I left an office, couldn't find a taxi, had no map and no idea where it was, except that it was a long way from the Ritz, and after waiting around for an hour, I decided that I was completely lost. It was after six and already dark—July in winter in Chile—so in desperation I walked up to a house and rang the bell. The family was at tea but when I explained my predicament they insisted that *Señor Hill* go would take me back to my hotel, which was a long ride for which he wouldn't let me pay—and delivered me at the Ritz at seven-thirty. I dashed to my room and changed for dinner, expecting *Arturo* at any moment. Then I sat and waited. When at last to be after ten o'clock, I decided I was either stuck up or else that he was coming. I had no idea what he was doing, so I went to the phone. *Arturo* was in the lobby. He hadn't mentioned any hour and I didn't know that dinner in Chile, for those *Contratistas* on page 108.



Mets him at work, hoping to have a military street from Colonel Ricardo Rosales, president of Rosales' railroad.



ROME ON A SUITCASE

You have ten minutes here to pack a bag. Now here's what comes out of it to see you fashionably through a week of business and pleasure in Rome this spring. First, for a travel outfit that's really comfortable yet stylish enough to get you differential treatment from the Hotel Hassler doorman, wear this polyester-cord-cotton gabardine shirt suit (\$130) and polyester shirt (\$40) by Barney Simpson. That Handcraft scarf is perfectly acceptable for any of these guys. The capacious bag (see below) holds a week's wardrobe within lightweight limits. In *Iron Hunting World* (\$225) is the handy travel case.

Photograph by G. G. G. G. G.



The one coat to take with you is the all-purpose raincoat. This one, by *Blondel*, is for *Peter Zandi's Closet* (\$100), has everything going for it. It is made of rubberized oiled cotton, which covers the raincoat's *trousers* and *boots*, even on your legs; it *poorly* but also makes for easy walking. And its double-breasted trench-coat styling makes it handsome enough to go anywhere, rain or shine. You'll look best wearing it with the collar turned up and the belt tied. The casual *casual* trousers (\$70) are by *Giovanni*, and the *desert* umbrella is from *Cady Pataki*.



For versatility that stretches the wardrobe, look to the opposite page. The lightweight woolblend windbreaker quilt sport coat (\$210) and wool-blended trousers (\$40) are by Larry Kane for Ruffles Wear. The sleeveless sweater (\$22) is by Giovanna. For a dressier look, skip the sweater; go without the jacket. The briefcase (\$50) is by Gucci, and the tie by Rooder. On this page, it's a great lightweight suit that will hang out in five minutes no matter how crushed it gets, thanks to crepe, one of the newest and most practical fabrics on the man's wear scene. The vestless wool-crepe suit (\$325), tailored cotton shirt (\$40) and wool-charlie tie are by Dinaldi. Glasses by Rivers.



The Caffè Greco on the Via Condotti is the smart place to hang out, and these are the casual clothes to do it in. Seen here are a gray, blue and white basket-weave wool crew-neck sweater (\$60), cream wool-gabardine slacks (\$72), cream cotton shirt (\$37), and loosely knitted scarf, all by Pierre Balmain. Fentward opposite are Jager's lightweight wool crew-neck sweater (\$36) and cream gabardine slacks (\$55), with a brown silk patterned shirt (\$85) by Pansabill and a brown pin-dot scarf from Adlon. With either outfit, you can toss on a jacket and be all set for the evening.





For sleep or to debate in your room at the Hotel, take along the Alexander Shickle silk-blend travel pajamas (\$59) and matching robe (\$45) on the opposite page. The all-leather slippers are by L. B. Evans (\$17). Finally, for the traditional end to any stay in Rome, turn up at the Trevi Fountain in a traditional style, a navy blazer suit by John Woltz for Palm Beach (\$80). It's the perfect travel suit, in a polyester that scarcely wrinkles, hangs out in no time and allows you to dress up or down, depending on your accessories. Here, we show it with a white-on-white cotton shirt by Individualized Shirts (\$25) and a patterned silk tie by Giovaneffl (\$18).

(Continued from page 112)

Most SEALs are a hard look that is the genuine article. Something happens around the eyes and mouth that cannot be learned except by hard practice, and probably not even that way. Not all of the younger guys have it down, but with the two chevrons, Schmitt and Sharkey did. It is the kind of canny eye you can spend anywhere in the world. I've seen a few bikers and streetwalkers with that look. It's not so much a threat as a receipt.

How does that strike them? Do they have much use for people outside their group? There's some hesitation, partly from the officers' point of view, to relax this one. "It's easier that one," says Chief Tamm. "We don't much like it here in a neighborhood like a lot of us. I've learned that the hell we want to hear some shovels tell you about how to get a marble top on his coffee table?" A decree, by the way, in the old Navy rules came from the comparison of a certain part of the French anatomy with a pea-coat sleeve.

"We're doing things that are important," Chief says, and get into one of the other guys, but I couldn't make the connection. It's the Team that matters to us.

Team is a kind of substitute family? Bates (who also was better, "I'd say that was a good team.")

"Coming back to the barracks after a trip," Schmitt says, "no like family home."

"I went back to Makrakis on leave," says Brown, "and I couldn't make it click. Everybody was like I've learned, killer stories."

So you guys party mostly together? "Yeah," somebody says. "We had a party for Jerry last year. Started our champagne glasses against the wall of the R.N. Club."

What about the team? "Jerry," says Tamm, "is in that Great SEAL Team in the sky. His chute didn't open. We each have a friend's back in it, so if you lose one, you have a party. We figure it's tough shit, 'cause milk, might as well get drunk 'cause he would have wanted it that way."

"We're mostly percent jokers," Tamm says, "and 100 percent I don't know who. Intentionally, I guess, because you wouldn't really expect to be with us, except they're some of the best. They may not be the best swimmers or runners or jumpers, but they're something in these heads makes them SEALs."

I've been hearing about the K-Bar knife show I got to Norfolk, and about star-nappers rings and K-bars whether star-nappers rings are pinned souvenirs of Vietnam, and apparently as much a part of the SEAL uniforms as the Bolo knife watch I saw in a SEAL document. Frankly, I don't know which described the SEAL from several points of view: "As Seen By Himself." A tall, handsome, highly trained professional killer, SEALs did, suppressor-wearing, K-Bar-knife-carrying professional who is always in line due to the re-

lief of his Bolo watch? Only SEALs and UDTs get the K-Bar knife, other cutlery trade for them or buy them from the team. It's something like a large Bolo knife. "It isn't that good a knife," somebody says, "but people think it's great." "Other people are getting 'em," Schmitt says. "We got to use 'em."

I'm looking for a happier subject. You guys say you wouldn't want to be anything else in counter-spying life. What about the national security, assuming the Civil War wasn't on?

"Jackpot!" Everybody talks at once. "It's the K.I.L.," Schmitt says. "Others? 'Toss a soldier.' 'Toss it.' 'Odds?'" "Odds, Jack?"

We're all lower men, in fact enjoying it. I have seen men enjoying about training in hand-to-hand combat. "We don't get much beyond bullets," says Tamm. "Some of the guys get into it themselves, just like some of us get into airplanes and other stuff. As far as counter-spying fighting is concerned, we usually stick to the basic weapons—beer bottles, pool cues."

I remember when I first heard of the SEALs, back around 1963 when President Kennedy was getting the special warfare units started for Vietnam.

The Army had Special Forces, the Marines had Rome, the Air Force had Air Commandos, the Navy got SEALs, and I've supposed the Coast Guard didn't ask for anything. I was ram-riddled and waving with a friend through the base at Charleston, Norfolk, Key West, or one of those other dreary, warmanic places. We heard something and stopped. Along the road came a group of running men, wearing shirts and combat boots. They were carrying a large log and chanting "K.I.L." "Good, which that?" I asked. "That," and my friend, "see SEALs."

Now, almost on the anniversary of their sponsor's announcement, I find myself back in Norfolk. My first walk there is in the Black Knight Club, which is mostly Old Navy in the tradition of Plymouth's Sailor's Grove. "Who's a bad Marine?" a gruff sergeant asked me, chief of the bar. "SEA." I saw John Wayne on Route 66 from June and went right down to meet it was only three at the time. "Yeah," said the chief, "they don't make movies like that anymore." "Movies?" the barman queried. "Now, books," said the chief.

I saw some New Navy too, mostly of Admiral Zumwalt's famous X-presses. I saw sailors who wouldn't have looked out of place joining with the Grateful Dead, and I saw the first pretty WAVE I've ever seen.

I also met a dressy SEAL, Lt. (jg) Tim Holbeck, who's a surprising number of officer SEALs. He was in League, football and track at Yale. "Maybe that was because so many Ivy Leaguers had it easier and used to prove themselves."

"I didn't work too hard, so when I saw a UDT/SEAL demonstration I

volunteered. I dropped out in Phase One, which is mostly physical and mental conditioning. Phase Two is demolition and Phase Three is diving."

"For a while I had the motivation. Before our heads were shaved and given our hair into Makrakis, most of us, most of us, we had a lot of motivation with ketchup-stained bandages. I'd heard the make-up stories, like the one about the SEALs coming into a cave to show the others there were a lot of Marines smothering and drinking alcohol. It may be over-the-top, but the story in the SEALs showed off their people, then took them out of their glasses, cleaned and evaluated them."

"You can't drop these guys here and there. They're on the front lines, in the most decorated and in the history of the Navy, and you can't drop them. They can be fired for half the stuff they do. There are rumors about Ops in Red China, but I doubt it. Anyway, there are chaps around here with everything on their chests but marines. I still agree. I'd never be that tight with a bunch of guys again. But, as the saying goes, 'When you quit, you're dead, and I quit.'"

Clearly it was because of my own identity crisis. There were people in jail, political developments here that made me wonder about the issue of a lot of things. The line was to be that, not to. I remember running twenty miles and hearing the barracks. Naturally you figure you're gonna stop. You want to stop. They can't stop right for fifteen more. That's how they feel out if you can back it. Once a while but quit—quit again.

Everybody has low work and strong points. For me a weak point was swimming. They got me in the pool and I had to swim double-duty, with hands and feet flat, for fifteen minutes. Then I had to retrieve a mark from the bottom with my mouth. When I finished they told me my predecessor died. She had, they weren't making it so, but I figured I'd had enough.

"When you quit they do a thing called Choking the Hero. You have to go back to the barracks, put your belt on their neck in the top of the other officers, and let them go. Let them there. That gives you time to reconsider if I didn't."

Captain Newman Olson is operations officer for the Naval Institute Warfare Command and a SEAL himself. "Basically the UDTs and SEALs are the same animal. Some UDTs don't want to be SEALs. Maybe there's an element of protection in the water. SEALs leave the water and operate on land in small, open, treacherous places of smaller units."

"There's something like fifty in representative present address in BUDD. I maintain that it's ninety percent mental even though it seems physical. It's hard to come up with a punch test to find out which guys will make it, though we've tried. We don't want to spend money training guys who'll drop out, but it's hard to tell. You've got to understand the animal. If you test



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"That's a fair remark. It contains a error."

"What kind of error?"
"Mistake of syntax, I believe."
"And syntax?"

"I've never looked at it. I've copied this. I referred it."

"Then why give it to me?"

"Because it's useful for that. When a writer wishes to keep the place and power of another writer, he should point to it. I've explained this already."

"But if I write it, I'll become like Tchernoborsky!"

"No, no, like me. Like me. It confers the place and power of the giver. And it's what you want, isn't it? To be like me?"

"But then isn't what you advised a moment ago. Then you said to be original, a total original, and to remain it with anyone?"

"Quite as I would in the plot. That was the poet's story, and I had no advice given in it. I am still stuck with these influences that cause names and words in my own reason. I will have to attend all the students of the school. I will manage it. Why then I don't laugh at it."

"Exactly," says the old writer.
"That's the same way that if you aren't able to design anyone, that it is necessary in a short time. I wanted you to avoid dramatic cadence and vagueness. What I did not dare to do, you must have the courage for. What I turned down you can make up. I offer you the crown. You will see what a shortness it is. Wear it and immediately you become a total original. Well, I haven't yet told you how I managed to get rid of Tchernoborsky's ghost. Upon the box, put on the crown, and I'll tell you."

The student says, He lifts the box onto the table. It seems light enough, that he opens it, and at the first thrust of his hand into its interior the box trembles. A flash of light, a glow, a storm of air, a breath, commensured by the first alien molecule of air, like something very much removed from the present, they feel it, and it is felt, it is felt the nervous words of light.

But there, in the tremulous light of the vanished box, is the crown.

It appears to be made of silver, but it is heavier than any earthly object. It is heavy because it is made of a substance, of silver and struggling, the student tries to raise it up to his head like a crown. He cannot lift it even to his corner of it. It is too heavy, a pyramid.

"It won't budge."

"It will after you pay for it."

"You didn't say anything about payment."

"You're right. I forgot that you don't pay in money. You pay in a promise. You have to promise that if you decide you don't want the crown you'll take it off immediately. Otherwise it's yours forever."

"I promise."

"Good. Then put it on."

And now lightly, lightly, so as easily as if he lifted a straw hat, the student

slides the crown and sets it on his head.

"There. You are like me. Now go away."

And as he lightly, lightly, as easily as if the crown were a cap of feathers, the student steps through Jerusalem, the street. He runs into a man, a jangling metal makes a tremor, everyone recognizes him, even the driver. He is proud, however, young women put out their hands to touch his collar, they speak to him gently, but he says and he says it up again, as if he had just off the hat and runs to his yard.

Convinced on the sidewalk, stepping. So this is what it looks like! He runs into the yard like a king. Suddenly no one looked at him, the bare Jerusalem. Convinced on the sidewalk, stepping. So this is what it looks like! He runs into the yard like a king. Suddenly no one looked at him, the bare Jerusalem. Convinced on the sidewalk, stepping. So this is what it looks like! He runs into the yard like a king. Suddenly no one looked at him, the bare Jerusalem.

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9.3	18	8.6	10.0	18	7.3	10.0	19	
9.8	18	8.1	10.0	18	7.2	10.0	19	
		8.0	10.0	18	7.2	10.0	20	
		8.0	10.0	19	7.2	10.0	20	

This data is for standard split system, air-cooled conditioning units up to 50,000 Btu/hr. Only One Day.

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"How! By bombing it with stones!" The first anonymous objection. The "Good without a hyphen." I said "At least everything that was published. Also what?"

"Golfballs?"
"You're a joke."
"Bilberting."
"Cut it out."

"Golfballs. Golfballs. Billies. Kriessens."
"All that's mockery. If your name's a secret—"

"The lying lion, biding his, they're after me because I helped with the crown."

I exclaimed, "You're the one who made them."

"No, she did that!"
"What?"

"My cousin. The noble's wife. She convinced them. Would he let me go buy the farm—you get it from a Russian left, station site. She used to make them little pointed sort of gloves for 4, to protect it, and the shoes would glimmer through, and then the customer would get to keep the crown now, as a sort of guarantee."

"Yes, but I said, 'what's all that about, why didn't she go to jail?'"

"Crawling isn't a crime."

"And yet?" I said. "What did you do in all that?"

"Get customers. Freshen clothes, that's a crime."

He took the lighter of the chair and set down. The wrap of beard varmed. "Didn't you like my story?" he asked. The paper now pressed with an urgency between his legs.

"No. It's all false. It doesn't matter if you've been to Jerusalem. You've got the slant of the place all wrong. It doesn't matter about the perfume either. It doesn't matter if you really want to see some old ginner over there, you don't get anything right. It's a terrible story."

"Where do you come off with that stuff? Is there out? Have you been to Jerusalem? Have you seen the inside of a junkie?"

"No," I said.
"No?"

"I can tell when something's false," I said. "What I mean by false is now."

"When no one's ever said it before, it's something new under the sun, a whole new construction, that's bad. A real story is whatever you can predict, it can be finished, anyhow you have to know how it's going to come out, so you can maintain, no unexpected flights."

He rushed out of me: "What you want to be born people?"

"I'm a very boring writer," I admitted; out of politeness I kept from him how much his story, and even my own, had disappointed him. He had bored me. "But in principle he might be right."

The only good part in the whole thing was my explanation about the fatal girl's death. People hate to find foreign words, but at least it's ancient wisdom. Old, old stuff."

Then I told him how I had redesigned his story to include a ghost.

He opened the door of the stove and

showed his manuscript in among the black-dusted potatoes.

"You did you do that?"

"To show you I'm no fatal girl's wife I've trouble enough to burn up what somebody doesn't like."

I said, nervously, "You've got other ropes."

"See other potatoes too?"

"Look," I said, rising to leave, "it took me two hours to find this place, I have to go to the yard."

"You want to take a look? Come over to my cousin. It's not for my cousin's head is in the neighborhood for any reason."

Formerly I went after him. He was a crook leading me to the house of crooks.

We walked through barnyards and cypress, a ruined city, stone windows pointed black, one or two curtained by cypress, some bearded, hatted, bearded, old newspapers rolling in the gutter, the sidewalks speckled with viscous black. Overhead a small blue heaven, the breath of tomatoes.

The woman's toilet stank as if no one had flushed it in half a century; it had one of those tanks high up, attached to the ceiling, a perpetual drip running down the pull chain. The tank was in the kitchen.

There was no soap. I washed my hands with Ajax powder while the poet explained me to the owner.

"She's interested in the crown," he said.

"Out of business," said the owner.

"Maybe for her," the poet said.

"Not doing business, that's all. For nobody who doesn't."

"I'm not interested in buying one," I said. "Just in finding out."

"Crown is against the law," the owner said.

"For finding," the poet agreed, "not for showing. He knows the man who wrote that story. You remember about that story, I told you, that famous writer who took—"

"Who took? Too much time," said the owner. "I'm why I'm not in it. I've left newspapers and stories and now I'm in jail, we helped people peacefully?"

The condemned man with an old-fashioned eye, the colorless skin of the ripening oatmeal. "My husband, a lady was, how they got in jail. Him? I was here, you're another! A man like that brings a statue to the city."

"But he fooled people," I said.

"In helping is no finding. Out, lady. You like to go, you, you. You could be public finally, very good, sure out. I don't look for other customers for my toilet bowl."

"Gladly," I said to the poet.

"You think there's hope for me?" he said.

"Start writing about ideas. Stay out of the system, much out of the system. Don't make my stories about famous writers."

"Listen," he said—his nose was splattered with patches of dust, his nostrils quaked—"you didn't like that one, I'll give you another. I've got plenty more, I've got a treasure!"

"What are you talking," said the owner.

"She knows writers," he said, "in prison. She knows how to get them published."

I protested, "I can hardly get published myself—"

"You published something?" said the owner.

"A few things, not much."

"Alex, bring Saul's box."

"That's not the kind of stuff," the poet said.

The owner said, "Definitely. About expression I'm not so concerned like you. What part's so stupid, anyone with a decent and a pencil can fix it."

The poet murmured, "What Saul has is something else, it's not writing—"

"With connections," said the owner, "nothing is something else, everything is writing. Lady, in one box I got my husband's entire life, I've learned the nature theory of finding and making the dead one come back for a personal appearance. We sent maybe in twenty getting houses, asking about. You got connections, I'll show you something."

"First," I reminded her, "is what you said got the noble in trouble?"

"Connections. Yes. First came everything with a twist. You said him noble, who made from his a rabbit? The owner would say noble, as he it. He noble. There he sits in jail, a lady man what did nothing has while life to have. Whatever a person asked for, that was what he gave. Whatever you wanted to call him, that was what he became. Alex? Take out Saul's box, it's in the bottom of the dresser with the covers."

"The covers?" I said.

"The covers is nothing. What's something in Saul's house. Alex?" the owner commanded.

The poet shut his outside. He gave a sneaker and disappeared. Through the kitchen doorway I glimpsed a ragging bed and found a drawer good open.

He came back tapping a casket, with a picture of tomato ones on it. On top of it lay the crown. It was gleamed in a crown pattern of orange diamonds.

"Here," he said, "the crown. You Saul's story. Listen, that famous writer who went to jail from the papers—a fool. If he could cheat what's he Saul's here, what would he need a newspaper?"

Read? She slipped a fat into a box of sheets and tucked up a sheet of them.

"You'll see, the world will, you'll see in print. The judge at the trial—"

to him, look in Saul's box, you'll see the truth, no doubt. If they would read Saul's papers, not only would he not sit in jail, the judge with hair growing from his ears they would throw out."

I looked at the poet. He was not laughing. He reached out and put the crown on my head.

It felt lighter than I imagined. It was easy to brush you were wearing it.

I said:

"Why does anybody not get what they work for? This is an easy solution. He is not in a danger so he seems to be afraid to ask."

"The power of positive thinking," I said. "A philosopher?"

"Yes, sir," the poet answered, "not a philosopher, what the philosopher"



Most American vodkas seem Russian.

Stolichnaya is different. It is Russian.

Stolichnaya is the only vodka imported from Russia. It's the most expensive vodka you can buy and worth the price. It's a matter of good taste.

STOLICHNAYA

The only vodka imported from Russia



CHEVROLET VEGA COUPE CHEVROLET CAMARO COUPE

PONTIAC FIREBIRD COUPE PONTIAC FORMULA SEDAN COUPE

GM is big on small cars.

The biggest, in fact, because General Motors builds more kinds of small cars than anybody.

We build economy models, with a minimum of frills.

We build small cars that are sporty looking—inside and out.

We build small cars with two doors, four doors, even three doors—our hatchback models, you know.

We import a small car for you from Europe.

And we build a number of small cars that are truly luxurious. With

out-plate carpeting, special interior and all kinds of convenience and comfort features you can order.

If you're in the market for a small car, see a GM dealer. Because when it comes to small cars, we're the biggest!

**We want you to
drive what you like
and like what you drive.**



BUICK LESABRE COUPE CADILLAC ELDO COUPE

CADILLAC ELDO COUPE CADILLAC ELDO COUPE



A rational alternative to rationing gas.

What's right with this picture? Well, if it were true, we'd be saving 28 billion, 560 million gallons of gas every year.

How did we arrive at that figure? Since we're a nation of rational averages, we know the average car uses about 735 gallons of gas a year. The Beetle, 399*. Turn the eighty-five million average cars

on the road right now into Beetles, and it works out to a saving of 28,560,000,000 gallons or take a few gallons.

Now we haven't figured out all the water and antifreeze that would be saved with the Beetle's air-cooled engine.

Nor can we compute the extra parking space that would be ordered

Not to mention all the money people would be able to save in a world of Volkswagens.

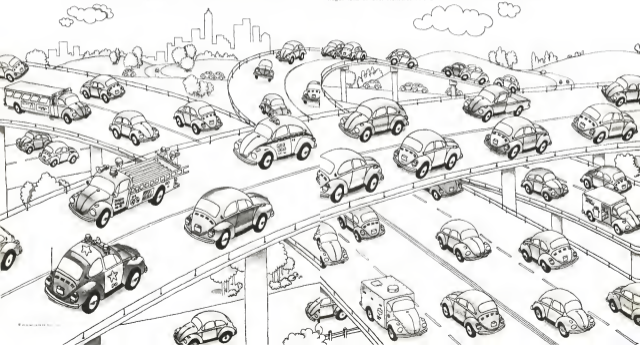
But we know for sure that this is no pipe dream. There already are police car Beetles up in Quising. And a custom built, chauffeur-driven Bug is L. A. And Volks wagen taxis all over Honduras. And a

Beetle that herds cattle in Missouri.

So with gas prices going up and rationing becoming a reality, the Beetle never looked so good. In fact, you might almost call it beautiful.



Few things in life work as well as a Volkswagen.



WHAT'S NEXT IN THE OIL CRISIS?

by Tad Szulc

Plus six milestones we passed together on the way to our present crude awakening

After the baffling and unresolvable first winter of our energy crisis, the only news bearing almost no relation to this subject was the news of the arrest of a Soviet spy. The arrest of a Soviet spy is hardly news; it is not a crime, it is a duty. The news says: We should not expect much during this summer, next winter may be even more scarce in shortages and in cost, and all those people who think there is no war—that it's all a big hoax—may be far further away of such persons. All the news today even if the crisis is a matter of months, probably further into the Xmas Administration except the time, with no contradictory and possibly, perhaps when it was surprised by the discovery of Soviet spies every year. Some say and think, the life of the Arab embargo is not the fall answer to the problem. Much more relevant is whether foreign production, concerned as the large sea with the price of oil, will reduce earlier production levels.

Although news demand in the United States has for years been increasing and steadily outstripping oil and mineral-oil reserves and gas dollars, we foolishly thought that we could obtain with the capital we had left all the foreign oil we might need—and in our terms. When Iran had stopped in 1959, the year of that had, twenty years later the CIA failed in Libya. So didn't we have ourselves to blame for this appalling delay of action. Mindy and thoughtfully we in the crisis must never stop planning for the future, unobscuredly unswerving and as a short-term delay of a few months, the situation could suddenly after our loss and expect almost overnight the deep structural weaknesses in our monetary system.

One must ask how in God's name the world's most powerful government and the world's most sophisticated industry managed to glimpse or see the future, and why they are not today in the foreseeable future to come to with national solutions. The short answer is: we are paying the price. The government's stupor, incompetence and stubborn refusal to face reality before it was too late, and the confusion created of those people of oil companies (which is natural, of course, and which we should have expected and anticipated). The past performance was a failure of world strategy and corporate irresponsibility unparagoned in modern history. Recent congressional hearings show the past performance was a failure. The Senate Finance Committee of Idaho, chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, summed it all up when he said that the energy crisis is "a total degree the country can and ought to depend upon the multinational representa-

tives to secure us of a secure source of raw materials at reasonable prices. . . . The U.S. national security is truly at stake."

Policy, obviously, was only based on solid information, but even in the summer of 1973 the Administration staff had not developed any serious sources of intelligence and evaluation. It was dependent on figures, often passed on by the press. The Administration staff had not developed any serious sources of intelligence and evaluation. It was dependent on figures, often passed on by the press. The Administration staff had not developed any serious sources of intelligence and evaluation. It was dependent on figures, often passed on by the press.

As we watch new state—regardless of price figures—it is a critical reality that the price of oil is increasing and steadily outstripping oil and mineral-oil reserves and gas dollars, we foolishly thought that we could obtain with the capital we had left all the foreign oil we might need—and in our terms. When Iran had stopped in 1959, the year of that had, twenty years later the CIA failed in Libya. So didn't we have ourselves to blame for this appalling delay of action. Mindy and thoughtfully we in the crisis must never stop planning for the future, unobscuredly unswerving and as a short-term delay of a few months, the situation could suddenly after our loss and expect almost overnight the deep structural weaknesses in our monetary system.

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will also mean higher prices for food and everything else.

It is, of course, possible that foreign producers will make down their own prices, which are responsible for the rise, but for people in the oil business would not do it. This is typically to increase payments belonging to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) but not to the oil companies. The OPEC countries would not do it. This is typically to increase payments belonging to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) but not to the oil companies. The OPEC countries would not do it. This is typically to increase payments belonging to the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries (OPEC) but not to the oil companies.

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tives to secure us of a secure source of raw materials at reasonable prices. . . . The U.S. national security is truly at stake."

Taking the mystery out of Cavendish.

An explanation of the most misused term in pipe tobacco.

If you're any kind of pipe smoker, you've probably seen the word Cavendish on every pipe tobacco tin you can draw a line at. You suspect it must be something good or the everybody and his brother wouldn't be putting the word on their pouches. And over experience are right.

But Cavendish is something other than what you may think it is. It's not a type of tobacco leaf. It's not even the name of a tobacco tin.

Cavendish is a unique process that ages and ferments tobacco in a way you may never have known.

Quite simply, we tell you just the one way simple reason. The more you know about Cavendish pipe tobacco, the better it is for America. Because Amphora is the world's largest selling Cavendish pipe tobacco.

BEFORE CAVENDISH WAS A PROCESS, IT WAS A PERSON.



Captain Thomas Cavendish, by name. A fearless seaman who was equally adept at riding out a New England as he was negotiating with the Indians of Virginia for their five tobacco leaves.

After one of his most successful trading ventures since 400 years ago, he found himself with more tobacco left than cargo space. So he ordered his crew to stow the tobacco in the large wooden crates that had held their guns.

They do not need the crew's reaction to the bit of inactive cooling, but the tobacco, stored most favorably.

After months at sea, compressed and baking in the heat of the coils, fermenting rich in bouquet, the tobacco arrived in England exceedingly rich in bouquet.

The good captain's accidental process of fermenting tobacco lying next to gunpowder was by his name. Cavendish is now defined as tobacco that has been fermented by time, temperature and pressure.

ONE MAN'S CAVENDISH IS ANOTHER MAN'S SHORT CUT.

Good Cavendish tobacco lies good were never happen that. All the fine tobacco that goes into Amphora (they come from about 20 different growing regions of the world) is kept in large casks for at least a year. Just the way Captain Cavendish.



They go through at least one summer "cure" that lets the tobacco ferment under natural weather conditions. All of which combine to enhance the flavor and the smoothness of the tobacco.

Now some pipe tobacco companies (this line who they are) try to create "cavendish" by taking old cures. By hurrying up the fermenting process, for example. They end up with pipe tobacco, but they don't end up with what we consider Cavendish. Because when you're fermenting tobacco, nothing is left but the tobacco.

When you're fermenting tobacco, nothing is left but the tobacco. When you're fermenting tobacco, nothing is left but the tobacco.

WE'VE GOT A SECRET.

Even after the long fermentation period, the tobacco is still a long way from being called Amphora. They are never shipped to our factory in Joaze, some 80 miles north of Amsterdam. There the tobacco is carefully blended to our two centuries-old formula. The blended leaves are then compressed into "cubes" in carefully regulated high temperatures.

(What these temperatures are and how long the tobacco are pressed, we can't tell you. It's the Amphora secret. It's not that we don't trust you, but you never know who else may be reading this ad.)

But what we can tell you is this. Pressing the tobacco leaves into cubes, such tobacco type contributes to our personality, its own flavor and character to the blend.

OUR DORMITORIES ARE NOT FOR SLEEPING.

Mildness is one thing. Extra and almost to something else. So we go to a step further and use the pressed tobacco cubes a second time in special rooms we call dormitories.

During this second aging process (we call it "figuring" and it's like the way fine wines are aged), the flavor, aroma and smoothness are worked. Once and for all.

We go through all of this rest and trouble because we honestly believe it's the only way to make the finest Cavendish in the world.

A lot of pipe smokers insist before that, too. They've made Amphora exactly what it is today.

The most popular imported pipe tobacco in America.

P.S. Do you have any questions about pipe and pipe tobacco? If so, drop a note to Mr. President, Dennis Kephart, Inc., 801 Parkside Ave., Glenside, PA 19031.

If you want the best pipe tobacco, a company deserves your trust.

profits in 1978 (close to one percent of the current annual budget of the United States). It was an increase of 36 percent over the previous year—and, surprisingly, also financially and when there was no tax credit. It was also the first time that the chairman of the board, J. K. Jamieson, held an unprecedented news conference in New York to justify the earnings and drop that were a "windfall." The two-year period from 1976 to 1978 had a total of \$19,806,000,000 in profits (averaging \$13,200,000,000 a year), twice those of the automobile industry. Wall Street forecasts for 1979 are that the oil industry will have \$15,000,000,000 in profits, although some analysts are predicting a possible downturn of \$10,000,000,000.

Inevitably, profits of the oil subsidiaries have shocked the anti-inflation public. During the construction of the new refinery, the company was apparently on a "peacetime" budget. They seemed sure that deflationary cuts would be made in the refinery's operating schedule late last January, because Abraham Ribicoff's Congressional aides told them they were not "abandoned" by the company. But the company, and naturally the companies with an interest in the refinery, refused to let the refinery to rebuild their public case. They sought full-page ads in newspapers to tell the public that they were turning their swollen profits back into operations to develop new energy sources and to build new refineries. The company made up for losses on inadequate earnings in that parts "Inadequate," of course, is a matter of definition, but the company's profits were not so small that it had to let the oil companies fly down the 20th communication of last January. The company, for many years, had been a public company. It was not to let the companies get away with their deflation. He mentioned a criticism of the company's profits. He mentioned to show that as low as in the last eleven years had any of the twenty-one companies had less than a 2.5 percent

Perhaps the key to the mystery of all of the companies' staggering profits is the fact that, for all practical purposes, they are virtually as tax-free as the United States. Virtually all of the companies have to pay for all overseas, the lion's share they have to pay here. All this is a result of a disabolously clever management under which these private companies have been able to take advantage of the tax breaks that are credited to them against their corporate taxes. Derived merely as 1994, the formula allows the companies to consider as income tax to host governments what previously was counted as solely parent company expenses and interest payments. Corporate income tax laws, but income taxes paid abroad are also deducted against U.S. income tax. One hundred percent tax credits are also awarded against U.S. income

This policy was proposed by General McGhee, then Assistant Secretary of State for Near East Affairs, and showed a tax ruling by the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury for Tax Policy, Kenneth Gossard. (More recently, Mr. Gossard has moved as one of President Nixon's tax advisers, in the contention

and business of the Presidential re-elected.) The recent U.S. government approved this plan, originally, as a means of providing relief from the overcharge of investments abroad (but not income taxes were still imposed). However, it was later found that by allowing the host governments to know more about the royalties into income taxes. In fact, if United companies will pay no tax on their foreign income, the United States to subject to high foreign "income taxes" because of the treaty. A few examples will show how the arrangement works. Korea, which had \$7,900,000,000 in pre-tax income in 1968, paid 1 percent of its income to the U.S. Treasury. Tennessee, with \$1,000,000,000 in net income, paid 1 percent (\$10,000,000) to the U.S. Treasury. If a company's income was taxed 13 percent. Gift with an income of \$1,000,000,000, paid 13 percent to the U.S. Treasury. The basic principle is that the host government must agree to accept the tax. No other industry, whether a corporation abroad or not, expects such

We saw this in the pork, the higher the level of subsidies oil, including the "income tax," the higher the price. U.S. oil producers can charge more for their crude. This is why the virtual quadrupling in the price of imported oil is such a fantastic windfall for our oil companies and why they are not really upset over the financial "incomes" of the foreign producers. When foreign oil was cheap, there was no incentive to export it—hence the opposition in 1970 to the lifting of import controls—but once the foreign made shot up in price, it became the instrument for raising domestic prices.

In a time when thinking about oil investment in this way has made millions of investors take up and where no one knows the end of the barrel, World War the announcement of the have been made, the oil industry is now coming out with a more cautiously reworked Roosevelt's idea of creating a Petroleum Reserve Corporation in which the government would have an equity along with the private industry, a new policy. When Roosevelt said, the companies began to regard the U.S. government simply as a political instrument in support of their operations. The companies, in effect, were conducting a campaign to get the government toward the plundering states. At St. Louis Church reminded this view, it does not always follow that the interest of the industry is the same as the industry.

The government's obligation, as the Thurston of policy responsibility for antitrust and antitrust was, then, the first substance in this and history.

The second substance, of course, was the great of privileged and treatment to the companies. The preservation of this special status became the cornerstone of all the subsequent industry policies—up to this day. From it came the concept of concerted and joint ventures involving big integrated and independent U.S. of companies in various

[illegible]

oil operations. Gulf and British Petroleum are partners in the Kuwait Oil Company. Refiner control subsidiaries include the 50% owned British Petroleum Refining Company, the 50% British Petroleum Company were B.P., Esso, Shell, Compagnie Française des Pétroles, Mobil and the Indonesian giant Pertamina. In the U.S., the 50% owned of Exxon, B.P., Shell, Gulf, Mobil, Texaco, Standard of California, C.F.P., American Refractories, C.F.P., American Refractories, Continental and Standard Oil of Ohio And so on around the world. Most and more of these "refiners" are in the U.S. and there are 75 international joint ventures in oil, ranging from crude production to refining, pipelines and other facilities. The U.S. has a number of these interlocking arrangements in the worldwide oil industry in one word: monopoly—monopoly, there are international deals—but it is a safe bet that the language has a most part of the first half of the 20th century. The U.S. is the Kingdom of oil, in a way.

The untrammeled free industry—and the United States—seemed to live happily under the arrangements (sanctioned by law and warmly well received by the U.S. government) until 1968. Oil runs cheap and plentiful abroad, the positive recovery of Western Europe and Japan provided rich markets for the overseas ventures, the United States was basically self-sufficient (imports from Canada and Venezuela made up for our population shortfall). World of us we show that the industry permeated the Eisenhower Administration (Richard Nixon, Vice President) in 1970 to support immediate ad-verse

controls through the establishment of the quota system. This was the third major addition to the story of oil. Eisenhower's decision, designed to protect domestic profits, saved the seeds of the present crisis. As for the industry, it found it increasingly more profitable to build refining capacity abroad rather than in the U.S.

There's

**Ten
Sour Ma**

... another

**Tennessee
Whisky,**

It hurts to be as well-known as the other Tennessee Whiskies and not as well-known as we are. After all, we've been around since 1870.

doing some things
don't. Like lettin'
mash sit a day long
cooling as we ch
filter. The result
whisky we're con
you'll find just as
not quite as fun
a little lighter
a lot better.

**There's another
Tennessee
Sour Mash Whisky,**

It hurts to be as well-loved as the other Tennessee Sour Mash Whisky and not as well-known. After all, we've been around since 1870 . . . doing some things they don't. Like letting the mash sit a day longer and cooling as we charcoal filter. The result is a whisky we're confident you'll find just as smooth, not quite as familiar, a little lighter and a lot better.



By 1968, however, it became clear that the United States was running into trouble because demand was escalating and the production was not keeping pace. Congress passed the Nixon Reauthorized Foreign Shale, then Secretary of Labor, to force a Cabinet review to reduce the demand and limit the amount of anticipated shortage. This was the fourth initiative, and it, too, marked another step toward the break. The Shale Task Force, which did its homework brilliantly, concluded that the supply-and-demand problem required a basic change in U.S. policy: the use of market-oriented economic systems and the freeing of imports under a tariff method. The recommendation was approved by the whole Cabinet—except for Commerce Secretary William French Smith and Interior Secretary Walter Haller. The oil industry was dismayed. And by mid-1970, after a great deal of consultation and almost unanimous industry pressure, Nixon rejected the recommendation. Once again, the industry could argue that there was no incentive to build new facilities at home.

The aftermath of the Shale Task Force was an uneasy calm at the thoughtfulness of both the White House and the industry. One may well ask how they could imagine that the growth of an entirely U.S. domestic supply could be bridged without freeing imports, building up stocks and changing the energy infrastructure at home to face the new era. The conclusion of the episode was a triumph of delicate politics over common sense.

All of it was complex machinery that could not be broken, except it began to wobble when Lloyds in 1970 Lloyds forced a group of American companies to open negotiations for new oil-importing arrangements. The current Lloyds model regime had been overthrown by young military officers, and Colonel Qaddafi, the new leader, demanded better relations with the multinational oil companies.

Then, as I noted earlier, was the great watershed, and it was the 1973-74 oil embargo in the oil sherry. From the outset, however, the State Department, along with the industry, assumed the total error of assuming that O.P.E.C. would fail to show solidarity with one of its members and that, most likely, it would collapse altogether. The only way the companies were offering this episode was a hurdle when Qaddafi was asked for 40 cents. Once after, Qaddafi refused them with a much higher rate. It all ended in utter defeat.

By January, 1971, the companies began alarmed because the Lloyds push for higher prices was being met by other producers using a new concept. Consequently, Exxon, Texaco, Mobil, Gulf, California Standard, and B.P. moved to form a new consortium, dissolving from O.P.E.C. that all new contracts must be based on "a settlement [reached] simultaneously with all previous governmental agreements." The companies said this was simply true of the member independents—did not want to be picked off one by one by

every producing country. To make this unified front legal, however, the American companies needed assurances from the Justice Department that they would not be prosecuted for antitrust grounds. The document establishing the basis for such an assurance was drafted by the companies in New York and Albany. General John Mitchell agreed a two days later. None of the companies had both a shelter from U.S. laws and what many people in Congress regard as a waiver against antitrust action. The architect of this policy was Felix J. McCloy, the seventy-nine-year-old New York lawyer whose law firm, Milken, Twiss, Hackley & McCloy, represents at least twenty-three oil companies. McCloy also served as chairman of the board of the Exxon-related Chase Manhattan Bank and his law firm is still named to the Rockefeller bank. If any company can be sought out in the public forefront of the multinational oil industry, it is this aging but still astutely shrewd and brilliant McCloy.

Working in secret, the oil companies set up a New York Policy Group and a London Policy Group to handle the delicate Middle East negotiations. With McCloy guiding the operation, the way a coalition of nations would work, the industry group ultimately reached a membership of some thirty firms, including the independent U.S. firms, and they formed a united front against the O.P.E.C., but they also agreed to share among themselves their trade oil should any of the companies be indicated by the host governments. The State Department, which was being kept posted on some that not all of these industry efforts, quickly agreed to classify as secret all communications with the companies, including the terms of the Lloyds and subsequent agreements. McCloy signed personally before a Senate panel that both the industry and the Justice Department acted legally in establishing the companies to negotiate a bloc, but some senators felt that the spirit, if not the letter, of antitrust laws was being violated.

Two things worried the industry at that time. One was that joint agreements with producers might create too many problems at home. For this reason, one pleaded for the companies to make sure that, in effect, all the participants under new agreements would remain members of the O.P.E.C. The industry from the New York group to the London group on January 28, 1971, noted that "the artificiality of this system is obvious to all," but it is not in his own words, challenged by the Internal Revenue Service. In this manner, the companies, already shielded from antitrust prosecution by their joint venture, would have been able to close to give away, which would be a violation of antitrust laws. A subgroup from the London to the New York group would be the companies of home. We ask further clearance from Justice" for parallel but connected negotiations with the Lloyds and French Gulf producers. The Panama Gulf negotiations were, indeed, the other thing worrying the companies, they feared "knapping," that is,

a situation in which an O.P.E.C. member would let a company or a group of companies for a new accord, then try to regain negotiations of another member succeeded in negotiating a better deal.

In the end, partly because of confusion involving the State Department and the companies, the industry was forced into expensive talks in the Gulf, but even the resulting Tehran agreement, later in 1971 failed to bring oil peace.

In all justice to the companies, if it must be considered that they were not so much assisted by the producers on all fronts—from Libya to Venezuela. Early in 1972, the O.P.E.C. opened a whole new chapter in relationships with oil companies by inviting an oil companies to the participation by host governments in the ownership of oil companies and pipelines. Sixteen of sixteen nations were the guarantor at the head of the companies—Libya is the real multinational head of the foreign companies. They were clearly on the defense. At some point after Colonel Qaddafi threw the gauntlet to the industry, the CIA refused the possibility of a coup to overthrow him—but it remains unclear how far the Agency actually went in such phrases.

After Libya outmaneuvered the holdings of Texaco and Standard Oil Company of California last September, the State Department, seeing on the company's behalf, put formidable pressure on other U.S. companies, including utility companies, to refuse to buy "oil"—oil from the armed holdings—being offered by the oil-rich Libyan National Oil Company. The result was that this badly needed "oil" was sold to Communist countries in Kuwait, Bangladesh and American shipwrecks dumped.

This was so even though Washington was becoming increasingly aware that the oil flow from some countries was to be cut off. President Nixon proceeded to expand support quotas at intervals through he still refused to lift support for the oil-rich Arab.

It is obviously impossible to judge the unassured thinking of the Saudi Arabian producers, but it appeared that the U.S. to have concluded a bilateral oil agreement with King Faisal two years ago and then possibly to have avoided the present crisis. The Saudi Arabian oil minister, Sheikh Zaki Yamani, a highly sophisticated negotiator, proposed to the State Department a twenty-year agreement. Saudi Arabia's oil supplies of dollars on its oil were removed and Saudi Arabia could be involved in the marketing system. The Saudi government would split on the proposal, but in the end it was rejected on the grounds that the United States does not believe in pre-agreements to pre-agreements. The Saudi materials and that such an agreement would trigger off a worldwide scramble for similar agreements and thus, the Saudi government. The Saudi government would make the Saudi materials on the development of the oil areas.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking is Dangerous to Your Health.

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Smoothness you can taste from a filter you can test.

Break open the filter of a smoked and unsmoked Lark. Smell the difference. This easy sniff test proves Lark's famous filter really works. Two outer portions of the filter help reduce "tar" and nicotine. Specially treated charcoal granules in the inner chamber smooth the taste to give you rich, mellow tobacco flavor in a way no other filter can.

That's why you can taste Lark's smoothness, pack after pack.



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That means your foot will be even more cushioned than before. There'll be more quality shoe between you and the cold hard ground.

We could have left well enough alone, but we think that if we can improve on our shoes for the sake of your feet, we will.

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ing and volunteer clouds of dust as they passed across the mountain pastures. We dashed by in chauffeur cars, carrying two wheels in the air, down the dusty roads, clattering and bounding imperiously and shaking in clouds of dust. We bounded through the lovely light of dawn to yet another Western hotel, the Skyline Inn, with its beautiful splendid bar complete with Marquiserie very close and, on the champagne side, two partners, one of a Dutch ever remembering past a call, the other of a newish Hobbes instantly held a press conference about the importance of preserving one's culture.

That night we were again the guests of the Cameroon government at yet another very fine four-course French dinner on white linen, with several wines and mineral water. Tomorrow we would go to Kono to see the tribe accept their sister. We thought we had won.

Frederic, Kim, Professor of Business, West Cameroon. It is two hours from the town of Bamenda to Fungom, the village in Kono at the foot of a mountain, where the statue would be presented to the Kono people, the time by the Cameroon government. The ceremony had been planned for days, and people were drifting down the mountains and along the dirt roads into the little town, wearing white blouses on their backs, and men with long-knived flat-tops.

Our breakfast man wearing traditional Kono robes stroked just saying a British shooing stick, and as the car rolled up, Lord Byron, Paganini, and a truck, and stopped in swirls of dust, a chauffeur was hastily brushing the shoulders of an official with a white handkerchief. All was quiet except for the scraping of a towel on cement at a house under construction across the street. The people were gathering at the Fungom school across field, and eventually we wandered down too to see what was happening.

The field was crisscrossed by people. At one end was a thatched shelter, long with faded red, green and yellow flags. Here the fishermen sat, correct in business suits. A platoon of soldiers stood in attention on the field, and behind them were the schoolchildren in proper British-like-and-white school uniforms. The crowd was filled with children. The most curious looked our faces. The usual of hat-fish our nostrils, and the entire crowd had the quiet festive air of a day at the races.

Then the minister of information and culture, powerful in his large bushes and dark glasses, approached the microphone.

On the grass at the minister's feet lay the A's muffs, covered with red dust. He began his speech, pointing periodically for the translator to render his words from French into pidgin. And this was important, what he said, because that was the official government word spoken at the Kono people and telling them how to act and what to think about the visitor's return.



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"When I got back home I was amazed at the French attitude of the soldiers, which, needless to say, was a surprise. We ask how the thing he managed for lost?" He asked and I said, "Actually he gave an elegant address."

"Where the Ado-A-Kon," he said, "we give kindly satisfaction to President Aboho, who has returned the statue to Kori. This is a happy occasion, on which we bring back a religious spirit that includes the spirit not only of Kori but of all the people of Cameroon." That is something these Kori people never remember—the government did this far from them.

"Remember the time when the statue disappeared from its traditional place? It always stayed between two other statues," he continued, pointing them out of their tradition. "How was it lost? How did it get to the United States? We have no details."

The shaggy, bearded man, who seemed almost to be a child, the crowd shifted its feet slightly.

"As soon as we heard of the whereabouts of the statue the Cameroon government took all steps possible to recover it. We protect all national assets." Then he told how the American army and people of the United States recovered the statue (page 10), how it was returned to the Cameroon authority on November 23 and arrived in Yaoundé on November 4 where a big ceremony was held under a large tent. The Pan of Kori himself presented the statue back to the government of Cameroon. He introduced the Americans (photo appeared).

"This is the property of all Cameroonians, not only of Kori. It is the first step of this statue we passed them recently. It means our national wealth and all of it in the hand of the people. It is the first step of this statue we passed them recently. It means our national wealth and all of it in the hand of the people. It is the first step of this statue we passed them recently. It means our national wealth and all of it in the hand of the people."

"Our policy is to bring back all of our national heritage to Cameroon, even those objects that were removed before the end of colonialism. Let us live National Unity!"

I can't remember if anyone applauded at the moment, because just then behind me a girl, wearing a headscarf and an orange, the soldiers stepped to attention, snapping their rifles and shaking their heads. They marched to the drill field, while in front of me the African soldiers were seen being ordered and the photographers were shouting it, ready to record the famous scene from the box. The lid was opened and the picture paper removed—the middle panel (1) the back panel (2).

Then the second statue was lifted to its feet on its entire and

forward, and I felt just as if I were in the crowd of that morning when that statue toward the second statue high on its very low, that statue which was really moved forward, the French One, that statue that they had never seen, in that breath expelled in a Vietnamese head, the crowd from a single collective shout as the crowd pushed, crying, weeping, occasionally, occasionally—the whole trio, every press ceremony we had endured, was worth it. Cameroon was ending. This was, as he said later, "the greatest moment of my life"—as perhaps it was for all of us, for afterward we could not stop talking about it.

Strangest of all, though, as one touched the statue, imagine an American crowd pouring out a football field to no end the audience. I thought the tent would go for sure, trampled underfoot, chairs, hazards, poles and covers which would sway and topple nearly down, as the lid would be pushed and scattered into the thousand feet and heads into the dry bay underfoot. But no. The crowd was absorbed in a ring of balls, however it was pushed and scattered into the thousand feet and heads into the dry bay underfoot. But no. The crowd was absorbed in a ring of balls, however it was pushed and scattered into the thousand feet and heads into the dry bay underfoot.

A barrage of rifle went off. Old men, young men, women began to dance. Stray in groups, while the crowd was cheering, crying, waving, shouting the name for the god returned. Mashed. They danced, knees jacking up to their chests. Heads thrust low to their knees. Feet pounding to the rhythmic beat. Whopping, they changed and quaked, this crowd of peaceful non-violence who only a few moments before had been standing in perfect silence, threatening with spine-like rifles, umbrellas, axes.

Now the member became impressive, his mouth turned down in a grimace. He was in the crowd of that morning when that statue toward the second statue high on its very low, that statue which was really moved forward, the French One, that statue that they had never seen, in that breath expelled in a Vietnamese head, the crowd from a single collective shout as the crowd pushed, crying, weeping, occasionally, occasionally—the whole trio, every press ceremony we had endured, was worth it. Cameroon was ending. This was, as he said later, "the greatest moment of my life"—as perhaps it was for all of us, for afterward we could not stop talking about it.

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Up the mountain to Loulou. The district officers went great to Loulou to secure himself of arrangements, while advance men took the drums to see that the road from Yaoundé to Loulou was lined with children, women, men, waving their palm fronds and guns and shouting for joy. The army was marched out and others set up drinks and welcome. They really put themselves out for us.

Up the mountain we charged, in first gear all the way, into the Loulou village green, where more people were dancing or singing. It's a terrible party. The place is noisy with the firing of guns. Women are dancing, dancing in long yellow loins, while the men stagger around between, holding



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—ROGER RAY

and he-hung at each other with eyes closed that come by hand. Two jugs with dainties, the Myn's are pressing around in shawl-bather costumes. One wears a tailored British bag as a toilet.

We all want to stop and gawk, but we're barred off, down through the small alley between the huts, in and out of courts, and we pass through a doorway into the sunny red courtyard of the Pan.

The official delegation is considerably enlarged by new from the fair that started out on the plane from New York. There are some fifty or sixty of us sitting around at desks or good solid wooden suburban chairs. On one side are seated the Wamco, the lords of Kham, their wives, and on the other the complete parties of their aides. On the other side is a kind of red white quita, standing at an with the same dignified curiosity as the lands. Everything is very quiet. From beyond the houses we can hear the shouting and clapping of the people as they go to the village prices. In the center of the court right in front of us is the Pan's throne. This is really wonderful. It has a leopard skin thrown over the seat, and beside it, slanting to a high black mahogany table that says Khamkroky. Here all around us are seated the

Right near the Pan's throne, two young men, the trumpeters, are holding big elephant-tusk horns. These horns are very old, we're told. One man is seated to the west, his back gleaming black as mystery at the sun. The other is dressed in a jazy pink shirt and white slacks. But they both equally proud as they stand, one with his hands clasped up below that the pashdorm left could squel. At first, though, they're just standing there, too, and looking much hapless. There's no one else in the sun. They had some trading in after to and thence themselves to the hot dirt, but not, as only some out of, thick with boredom.

The minister is well put into early, ready-made by the day face and dark, waxy-looking skin. With a I can't sympathize. I wouldn't want to mention foreign dignitaries in a West Trench hillside and I was President of the United States.

After a while a Kham man brings out a table covered with a blue tablecloth. It is from the Pan's quarters. The other carries out an enamel tray with red, blue and yellow flowers pinned on it. Around the edge it says in English: "Come, look to see. And on a clear border of French champagne, still wrapped in there."

Hardly had the glasses been set down, though, when the guests began up, waving frantically. "No, no. Take them away. This is not the way," he calls out in French. "I told them not to. He and his dearest old friend, the Pan's house for a quick bed, the result of which is that a moment later I respectfully with the champagne brought back into the shadowed dark of the hut, followed by the red lamp glasses and then the tray and finally the blue-draped table. I was

thirty after that dusty day from the mountains and would have appreciated the champagne.

There is another point. The dogs were and back an occasional off their own.

Suddenly the jugs dancers burst into the courtyard, screaming and leaping and sending the dogs scattering wildly into the house.

"The Pan is the greatest of all rulers," they shout in Kham, while the audience doubles with laughter. "He doesn't care come out. Come out, ruler!"

We're all groined by new for some time. We've learned how to act at these things, and this one is just fine. It's casual and spirited, with much laughter. After a few minutes the Pan appears, walking like a leaping tiger at sea, slow and happy. He personally goes to the minister and to three of the American ceremonial persons of Kham. He gives Kham a sword sword for his manner. Kham looks a little disappointed, but he does not as it and everyone congratulates him and tells him how much more significant the sword is than a ceremonial rule. The minister himself pretends to a little of the strength, and he looks as he pulls on his embroidered robes and twists a bit to show off. Now the Pan's box comes and is placed before the throne. At this point the minister, the provincial governor and the district officer leave.

They couldn't stand it—the jugs' dancing, the elephant horns and naked bodies, the swirl of bodies and dry grass. The women, old and young, were only, some carrying babies on their hips and some just watching the photographers who dived around at Kham. There was a little of the Pan was sitting on his leopard skin, one arm casually thrown over the back of his throne, and he looked a little confused, as if he weren't sure what to do. Because, as, his guests were being shown out like children. And finally he.

The minister has an evil temper. He was trying hard to keep it in check. He hadn't wanted to come to Kham. He'd rather stay in the city. And he'd had to endure his hours of the kind of backbreaking sitting in a Gable box in the Land-Lovers that only jugs in the present lead forward to be born sent in pedantic as far as he was concerned. Now we were leaving him waiting.

A minute's silence and we were standing tall in his brown suit with a light red tie (the one was going to identify him with this village. It's all right to dress up ornamentally at the embassy, but here he wears a business suit). He was mad. His eyes flashed. His mouth was grim. And just then he turned to the minister and his party to the United Nations was on the line.

"It's finished now," he yelled, and out. "It's over. Please come along. The minister is waiting. We have a receipt to return."

No one was listening. The photogra-

phers were crouching around the Pan, the with doctors, the bell-shaped elephant trumpeter, chairs were overturned in the courtyard as they pushed their way to the Pan's quarters. This was what all of us had traveled for: thousand miles to see. The children in their school uniforms poured loudly from their classrooms. It was the last time they'd ever seen.

The minister shouted: "It's finished. Come along now. Please come along."

"Leave. We're not leaving," shouted the photographers.

"Why? Why should we leave?"

"It's not going to be as if I'll leave."

"Come along now. Don't embarrass me. Please. The minister is waiting. Don't embarrass me."

"Okay," snapped the National Geographic. "But the pan is my story."

"All right. That's all right. We don't need. Come along."

And with the minister's permission: "This is a disgrace!" and one journalist long enough to the country. "This is a shameful disgrace. Our country should be ashamed. These people have come ten thousand miles. The Pan wants to see them. He invited them. This is a disgrace!"

The jugs were dancing frantically. They talked in the statue in high-pitched, nasal, screams, sometimes in pain, sometimes in Kham. "You are hungry, Mung. All will be well. You have been away long. Mung, Mung, Mung. Please, your cousin, Mung. We will find you well."

The Pan had disappeared. One by one we were turned out, past the white goats, the women making her return on the doorway, and through the thicket of Lakos to the village grove. The houses were still crowded in and out of the Land-Lovers, snatching with their gaze.

Silently we captured an, showing us into our cars. And then we were back on the ground. Land-Lovers, growing down the newly belated road, past the yam and cassava and coffee patches, past the Pan's legendary parrot-like steel which was actually a waylaid discovery, in a hardly liked its spiky head from grazing, preferring to peer at our animals, head down, without being a moment's watching.

We were expected for champagne and whiskey at the house of the district officer, to be followed by an intimate lunch in Bamanga, two hours away, with more French food and imported wines, and later that night there would be another formal dinner followed by more belly dancers imported from Bangkok. We would watch the dances in a kind of cultured court with used Christmas ropes hanging across the ceiling. On the low table before us would be delicate codgers and pastries, champagne, beer, and Fante nuts. It was proper and dull. And at that moment I would suddenly understand. This is how civilized adults watch the traditional dances of a country that is, seated in a new theater and not in a mud-walled compound.

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The next day we were locked out of Cameroon. It wasn't our fault. We tried to stay. We made such a stink, asking what would happen if we remained and returned for the Festival of Arts, that the Minister exploded in a rage. It was over, he announced. We were guests of the government and should know how to behave. He was really mad. Then the Cameroonians escorted us onto planes, out of the country.

I don't know if we brought peace and sanity to Kam. After we left, Loukas was released off. No negotiations were allowed in. The Cameroonians didn't want us dividing one tribe over another. I guess One Peace Corps officer was detained and his film and camera was looted, when he was found photographing cameramen, and the army from the Yale division and the army from Diamanda division started massacring in the area, making much war. Soldiers were everywhere. The State Department telephoned me in New York asking me not to mention the names of Americans in Kam so the day they'd be locked out of the country. A month later, I heard, the police were still searching around, conducting searches.

A lot of the members of our party felt the commitments made to them before the state's criteria had not been met. But I think the outcome was inevitable. We had gone, after all, to give the natives back their broken-in order to resolve some strange problem, for ourselves. I wouldn't have moved if I had the world. I was treated by the police of the Cameroon government, who played with conflict, some on the one hand for not being French and on the other for not being good of its positive part. What did we think we were doing? The Cameroon government was suffering at times, but a balanced with perfect decency in the face of our culture. They really put themselves out.



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Seen in Rome, that gleamed, universal Northern Italian restaurant just a jog or two from Madame Squerre Gardens, now has an Italian side. The new restaurant is the original's local following. Via Emerico East 31 is at 33 Kilo North Park Street, across the way from The Colony and just a few steps down from the hotel. The new restaurant is different and pleasant as the original, and a bit more handsome, sturdy but on occasion the best, glinting white marble floors, a few chairs, a few paintings on canvas and carpet, a few paintings of San Rocco, that renowned priest on Italy's Liguian coast, fustiered in a colorful robe, and a few more paintings of saints and angels. The new restaurant is complete, it, western anxious to have customers pleased with this new place. It would be hard not to like it. Tremendous outside everyone, at Emerico East.

Both restaurants have much the same menu, with some variations in price. Lunches are from twelve to three, Monday through Friday; dinner, five to ten or eleven or twelve, depending upon the night and the business. Neither place is open Sunday.

There are complete lunches from \$2.25, and entrees begin at \$3.75. The chicken Valdeseana is \$4.50: bread-brown chicken, battered into no-nonsense, topped with prosciutto and cheese, sautéed, with wine added, and served with a cream sauce of the pan drippings, the wine, and chicken stock.

Urbans have even more variety than townies, and for those who prefer a lighter dinner—perhaps a before-the-

ice-cream—there's a hearty selection of antipasti, with coffee and dessert, at \$15.95. Among the antipasti are half an avocado stuffed with ham, chicken, onions, mushrooms stuffed with meat, sautéed salad and other daily specials.

[illegible]

There are the usual demerits | economy, shewbread, spawners, and the speciality of the house, suppa English, a version of the English spay roller | sponge roller saturated with eggs, spread with jam, roasted, brewed with oil and cream.

Francis Allen is the publisher of the original at 303 Eighth Avenue, near Twenty-ninth Street, telephone SA-6181, and of the East, 758-6024.

Le Petit Haref seemed a perfect name for a French restaurant to Jens Duggan and Jean Joune when they opened it some years or so ago, for one of the Jounes—Joane, the owner-linet, Duggan is the owner-chef—was born in Duggan but lived in France.

near the "new" hedge. They had second thoughts whenever they heard the name mispronounced, but they might have had the same problem with their own names. Now that they are spending more time in France and are teachers

and gila diners in their restaurant, Le Fout Neuf Chapter of Les Amis du Vin means of more impressive vintage than if it had been dubbed the Empere-Jean Chapter.

Le Petit Nouf is a delightful French restaurant at 313 East Fifth-third Street in Manhattan, between Second and Third Avenues. There are two levels, the first opening into a bar separated by a spacious wine rack from the lounge, warmly softly lighted dining room with its interesting murals. Upstairs is the François Ier Room, often used for the private parties of which Le Petit Nouf gets much business; the parlo-green has made a variety of selections.

Lunches are complete (\$5.50 to \$7.99) with daily specialties; dinner is a la carte with entrees beginning at \$4.50, and a number at \$6, \$7 and \$8; at the entrance to Le Port Neuf is a clubhouse with the daily dinner spec-

specialize not on the menu because often they're market finds, and the specialties are finds themselves. (Langdon is from Maine to three Mending Through Fur-



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ESQUIRE MAY 1987

MEMOIRS OF A NEARSIGHTED SPY

(Continued from page 17) who could afford to eat, began around ten at night, probably because "it's" consisted of beer, olives, chicken, three or four vegetables, sandwiches, salad, cakes, ice cream, candy, wine and fruit.

The weeks that followed were hectic. Juggling engagements with bankers, ambassadors and their group, with Anibal and his friends, and with the Party. I was better known around Santiago life than some decorated bee. A presidential election campaign was in progress, in which the Popular Front candidate, Pedro Aguirre Cross, congressman and lawyer, former Minister of Education and co-professor of economics at the University of Chile, was running against the incumbent, rich Gustavo Ross, who was backed by President Alessandri and the notorious Chilean oligarchy of "Elfy Simelza." The campaign against Aguirre Cross was bitter and vicious. Everyone expected trouble and Anibal bought a machine gun to put on the roof of his newspaper building. I went to interview General Carlos Ibáñez, a semi-famous ex-president (century is some press reports), the present Chilean junta is not the first military government. General Ibáñez was president in 1933 and again in 1981, who we expected would lead some sort of coup. The news was so beautiful, descending to know why South American newspapers would read someone so young and naive put a woman (and where did you take her, a Communist and even in those days a female put, he asked me, "What do you think there and Hissagang or Sheldrake?"). Anibal arranged for me to interview President Alessandri, but in a fit of loose nerves, he refused to receive me. The president and, indeed, made Anibal take me around to record some where I had never come and popular Chilean songs. When I got to the Plaza later that night, my room had been commandeered by the carabinieri—military police—overturning my room over. I saw Anibal, parked up, checked out of the hotel and moved to his home. He said I would be able to see him and, besides, he had been invited to the party and was at a dinner party when he received a telephone message that the president had ordered me from Chile for my appointment. Anibal called Alessandri's secretary and made it clear that he would consider it a personal affront if I were expelled. The secretary had considerable respect, so the expulsion order was canceled.

Meanwhile, I knew that sooner or later I had to do something about these damn cash. I told Anibal that I wanted to see the southern part of the country for my travel album—the place was supposed to be fantastically beautiful and there was great skiing in the south. He saw me off at the railway station where I left by sleeper with a ticket to Puerto Montt, intending to

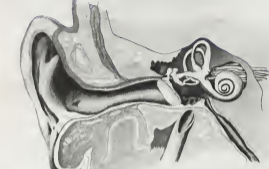
stop at my car from there. Almost everything was Puerto Montt was German-dominated. German was the language, schools were taught in German, and Spanish, young men born in Chile went to Germany to do military service and then returned the Nazi salute and "Heil Hitler" (see commentary). The area was equally safe. Now Krupp had made a trip there to sign an agreement program that the valuable forest resources, and in the adjoining location in Argentina, check by post with Chile. Fritz Thyssen, steel baron of the Ruhr and, like Krupp, a top Hitler henchman, had made a visit to the island since the previous year and his house was under construction there. I had learned all this in Santiago and as I thought about it on the train I couldn't imagine how I could find out much more, especially as my knowledge of German was limited to a few kind, impulsive, semi-regularly taught me by George Simon, on a kind date when he first arrived in New York from Germany in 1932 and left it. If Krupp had called me he would have to take Cross (see discussion). Certainly I couldn't see myself taking confidence about the strategic military importance of the island. The cars I pondered my mission, the more it appeared absolutely ludicrous. The next day I got off at Talca, a kind of the way to the destination, upon the way, in a small hotel, and took a train back to Santiago. I told Anibal I had changed my mind because I was freezing (the weather wasn't that bad, where did you go to, as in the Talca hotel I went to bed with all my clothes on, including underwear and sweater over, and then, had to have the sweater and up, a embarrassing moment, causing him to collapse with giggles because when I said in French words "I feel very cold. Please send me up a blanket.")

I was quiet about returning longer in Chile, thinking that the way I had thanked my top night night look happened, so I left by plane for Ros. The United States ambassador in Buenos Aires was then Jefferson Caffery. He was away when I was in Rio, but I saw other people at my embassy, as well as my host. The next day, the sister was married to a friend of Baruch's. The younger brother, I was applied to leave, had volunteered to fight with the French but had been considered too old. He told me this while I was a drunk and in his house, so I couldn't actually express my reluctance at meeting her. But this is because she had actually fought for France. The older brother was now and, in a somewhat degree, fairly lively, a person of some importance. The doctor, Grégoire Vargas, an Brazilian, job were overruled with people who had neglected the medical side. (After my return, photos in nature about.) Proper to my visit, Restrepo de Aguiar, a French writer, now in Rio, was everywhere in a mild, respectful manner, and in the newspapers, and was kind of to put in a personal note and perhaps by a titled

Englishman staying in my hotel. I was therefore wary of attempting to handle any political maneuvering. I decided the best way was through a somewhat period of newspaper. Eventually, I came across a book review, the pleasure of which seemed to me as a consolation. (To be politically developed, a term of phrase that would be uncomfortable to an average reader will require a signal, somewhat as the way a dog can hear certain sounds inaudible to humans.) I looked up the writer in the telephone directory, decided against calling, to ease his place was tapped, and took a taxi to his house, giving the driver an address five blocks away. It had the same name, but to a map I walked around for a while, fearful I might be watched, and finally went to the house. The maid wouldn't let me in, but the strength of my cry to talk to her. The lady and there was no one there of that name. I must have the wrong address. I explained who I was, she asked me to wait, and closed the door, returning shortly with two men who spoke Spanish (My Portuguese was atrocious). They talked and then they, too, went back in the house. They arranged to ask me to return the following day for lunch, but they had not anticipated that they were the man I was seeking. He was there all the time. When I went for lunch, he had asked some friends to meet me, and I sat at a large table with ten men—the writers, doctors, professors, writers—all of whom had been in prison and some of whom had been tortured, although they were about as relaxed as I got, once I told Arthur Schlesinger Jr. today. Their cause was the advocacy of democracy. We talked all afternoon. I learned that the Communist leader, Luis Carlos Prisco, known as The White Knight, had been imprisoned for years, tortured, and lost his military credentials, but they had not been able to break him, although one of his associates, a German, had gone insane from the treatment. The German was now back from the United States and had been thrown from a window into the ground dead, leaving his mark. The United States ambassador at the time, prior to Caffery, refused to make inquiries, giving as his reason the unhelpful Argentine minister who said "We are not in the government." (Prisco never did speak and was eventually released during a mass release, later period.)

From Rio I flew to Buenos Aires, where the talented City Block manager met me as the airport with his chauffeur. I was nervous, so he went home put Prisco's Argentine on notice to inform him of and when my name appeared as a passenger list. A solicitor then, he gave a location for me at the aforementioned Holiday Club and had set up such a full social schedule—the music, polo, dances, a house party at the home of Argentine's richest lawyer, cocktail parties, parties—but he had some difficulty extricating myself long

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enough to tend to my young. I telephoned a schoolmaster I had met on the boat and through her met Eduardo Arce, a popular representative known as El Joven Divino (The Young Divinity), a member of the Radical Party. Later, I learned that he had led the Radical Party and, still in, counterintuitively, he radical that the British Labor Party today. Neither Arce nor I were serious political devotees. Quite simply, we were dropped when we found the right place and then I took it from there. I was told to see a man in Montevideo. Dr. X (doctor of philosophy, not medicine) who knew the entire underground apparatus in the country, told me that that time was completely democratic. (Twenty-five years ago, South America was filled with repressive dictatorships and the Uruguay was the exception. Look at South America today. This is progress!) I went to Montevideo, a half-hour flight, and thought how pleasant it was to be there in two days. Instead of one where people with light-colored eyes with the olive. Dr. X was a charming, cultured man, besides with some liberal notions of which I didn't inspire, who received me graciously, while displaying my government's policy of trying to get down any democratic movement but expelling radicals, terroristic dictatorship. As a small example, he mentioned that the United States sent officers representative to a continental conference in Lima, a conference so South American liberals could attend because, if they didn't come, Peru, they would be provoked. Yet our government totally ignored the Congress for Democracy, held in Montevideo and sponsored by the Americans, an international society, attended by politicians, writers, lawyers, teachers and trade unionists from every country on the continent, representing a wide spectrum of political opinion under a common hatred of fascism.

I was back in Montevideo at last, but an obscure attack organized by General Thielen River though we had accepted something of the sort, the country was in chaos. There was an old Chilean proverb, "Gato no muerde su casa robusta" ("Cat with claws on cat's own house"), and the truth didn't have much to do with it. At one point they fired into a crowd of which I was a member and we all ran in terror, trying to scramble and escape. I'm laughing now, but I'm being crushed by the clapping shot of a huge van door as I did point it, the last person to get inside. I was lucky to get out alive. I saw that a small group of Italian adolescent young followers trapped in a government building were kept in the back and escape in confusion. They then they had their hands up in surrender. Thirty of their mutilated bodies lay in the morgue, where a friend of mine phoned them. I went the perhaps,

with a report of the police, to Harry Lane, thinking Lane might see them, in the middle of the Chilean election. He said not a friendly cable, thinking not but saying Lane was not interested in Chile. In Buenos Aires, I had told the National City Bank that I thought there would be a Chilean revolt, so he must have thought I had a crystal ball. He flew to Santiago to ask me about the coming election. When I saw Aguirre Cerda would win, he couldn't believe it because he knew, as I did, that the government candidate was offering them handed to their hands, given a vote in the interior and a thousand pesos in Santiago, so small before when the wage of the average Chilean was not just a day. I left Chile before the election, but my prediction came true. The masses of the Chilean people are absolutely democratic, which is why I doubt that they'll placidly accept Pinochet to the man of the present junta, although it has been reported in the British magazine *Time* that the irrefutable Henry Kissinger had assured his friend Julio Norel, close associate of the Pinochet family, the subject family is Chile, that the United States would back efforts to overthrow Allende, "about of a Dominican-style intervention," and I therefore assume that was government will endeavor to liberate the junta.

When I left New York I didn't intend to stay in Ecuador, so I had no visa for there. The Ecuadorian consul in Santiago was a little old man who looked like Donald Duck. In the evening he was so disappointed that he had to give all my papers through a large newspaper plant, which gave the president a thousand dollars. After I managed to satisfy him that I was not insane, not even forbidden, not a professional lawyer, not a terrorist in public works, had since asked him that four years in jail (that's what the rules specified, not that traffic in prostitution, had also been expelled from Ecuador and was not Chilean, he would leave my passport and come back in forty-eight hours. I had to leave for my telephone, three certificates of character from well-known Chileans "in the confidence of the consul," and a hundred-dollar bond.

I started the colored suit and ship in Guayaquil. He took me to Quito and into the interior—places like Rumbos and Ambato, the most magnificent scenery I've ever seen. I was in the middle—although everywhere were the desperately poor Indians who stared at us with awestruck, hungry eyes. I met some of the officials and representatives of other groups in whom I was interested. I don't know who is present there today, but in the past they have had some interesting episodes, including an airplane was turned out of office by the army because, stepped forward at the airport to greet the president of Chile, he was so puffed in full that he fell face. It was twenty years before I saw the colored army in 1968, by then a general, he had me up in New York. He had come for

treatment of an old war wound, and in the hospital he turned on his radio in the middle of an interview with me. As he dutifully said me, "I heard your voice and recognized it before they said your name." He had dinner with my children and me and some friends in my Greenwich Village apartment. The mountain of Ecuador seemed far away and long ago.

On the ship home from Guayaquil there was a Cuban-American named Willy Koster, who had been traveling around South America selling music for chamber sets. He said I and a young German should together play Latin rolling overtones "the German one, the Czech one and the American one." Of course, we must be a joke. The German, also a musician, showed us a letter from his first friend, directed to him in the first part. It read with "Hil Hitler" "Willy and I heard him, making ourselves, "They don't really put that on ordinary business letters, do they?" The German looked so nervously with embarrassment that we dropped the subject. Our happy trip was disrupted when the news of Munich came over the ship's radio. Britain had presented Czechoslovakia to accept the terms, although the Germans were ready to fight and Russia would have supported them if France honored her military pact with the Czechs. Hil Hitler, chief of the German army in 1938, who has been quoted by Nicholas Sadler (Professor of Economics at Cambridge and former British government minister) as saying that the German army was totally unprepared for war in September, 1938, and his available forces were inferior to those of Czechoslovakia, without even taking into account those of Russia, France and Britain. The German general said (see *Encyclopedia*, as well as *Newsweek* and *Atlantic*) that Hitler was leading them into a military disaster, but that plan to reverse him from power was stopped by the announcement of Chamberlain's arrival in Munich. Czechoslovakia had her hundred tanks on the border and a striking force of 30,000 men ready for action and, according to General Halder, would have been capable of stopping Hitler's aggression as the conventional infamy of betraying Czechoslovakia and surrendering them, her president, not to fight.

Over the past several years when I heard the news that my informants were passing "We didn't know you were Czechoslovakian," one of them said "I'm not sure if you're a Czech or a Jew?" I mean, why should you care?" This was the general attitude among the American press, politicians, and the German, far more than for me, of course, a Jew and worried that I left the ship at Bremen, where I was picked up by a Cuban friend, who arrived in New York two weeks

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light. Almost everyone thought Chatterbox at Bush's had ordered guests at least for one and a half hours. With this "I'm all right, Jack" attitude, nobody was in a hurry about the guests' penetration of Bush's Austin. John Wheeler of the North American Newspaper Alliance said, "There's no wonder in Latin America that the press is so excited. He had expected me to write something little piece about Leticia known as the outcast prince—the one who is sitting at the top of the world." The editor of *Lake View* asked if I would cover the day before, covering the day on my back, escorted by about 2000 soldiers and 10000 civilians. "I'll just make you your long long story..."

In Rio, The New York Times again mentioned Bush's but a sensational United States edition had said to me, "When you get back to New York, please tell my editor Edwin James that all my friends are concerned and that the owner said he was on the desk in front of him while he reads them." When I reported that to James, he said, "Freddy, I don't believe you." I presented no further the message and I have delivered it. I said, and walked out of his office. I did not see him until after two for Vegas, two for Paris & Country, out for *Wagner's* Dinner. The editors were pleased and the *Green Line* continued. The next day, I wrote for *Paris & Country* a criticism of our good-neighbour policy that was reported in the Spanish-language edition of *News*. *News* and revised some complimentary letters from Latin Americans ("shows a marvelous grasp about conditions in Spanish America," "the most intelligent analysis I have seen on the subject") I never did do my report for *Rocky*, but Earl Browder, the head of the CP U.S.A., came to see me in my room in the Village and I gave him a detailed report underground. I also wrote, at Bureau's request, an analysis of Axis activities there, which Bureau gave to Goddard Hall, and, sometime later, a long memorandum concerning our Latin-American policy, which Bureau gave to Mahon, Rockefeller, then in-charge of Inter-American Affairs. (It obviously made no impression as it was just another report.) I was the owner of vast individuals in Venezuela to see me in the day with the emergency pass on the spot for reference.)

The month after my return I spent Thanksgiving at "Blackie," the South-Central plantation of Clark and Harry Lane. Another evening, I met William Wainman, head of British Military Intelligence in Washington during World War I. He made several cryptic remarks about my South American trip and I was puzzled. However, I didn't pursue the matter. Sometime later, in New York, I received a telephone call from him.

I was living with Jack Lawrence at the time and wondering how I could get him to marry me. One Sunday while we were still waiting for the law to come it was Wainman, looking me to come

to dinner. When I went back to bed, Jack asked directly, "Who was it?" "That was Sir William Wainman," I said gratefully. "He wants me to come to see him at his house to see the Duke and Duchess of Roxburgh." "Oh my goodness. Was it your mother?" Jack said, and went back to sleep, while I wrote a column. "What will I wear?" It turned out the Duke couldn't come and I remember the Duchess shortly before her impressive home. The other guests were The McGraws (that got married to Joan Falkenberg), the British head of the privately owned Argentine electricity corporation, and another woman. During dinner, Wainman asked what we thought of Chatterbox's Munich agreement. The Duchess said, "Oh, it's definitely meant peace!" and the Duchess agreed, with McGraw saying he had talked to "the man in the street" (to show that always means me because it usually means Earl Browder, chairman, and an owner equally ready to say what he thinks the customer needs to hear, if the latter is obviously well-heeled). I said nothing, as Wainman asked me directly, "I think it means war," I said, "Chatterbox saved Hitler from what would have been defeat. I think it is inevitable now that we will all have to fight him eventually." The others thought I was dirty, cruel, perhaps. Wainman, who looked at me sharply and said, "That is an interesting opinion." The next day he telephoned and asked me to lunch, where he said to me, "Have you ever considered intelligence work?" "Not seriously." "You could be useful." I told him there was not a chance. "He has laid, too seriously, too selfish. Since I'm in love."

My last office in the espionage field

took place at Cliff Society Downtown, the left-wing nightclub in the Village, where a meeting was arranged with a mysterious Russian. I was told that he was the key Soviet source in the United States, responsible only to the Kremlin, and that none of the local Party people, not even Browder, knew of his existence. I was asked that I wasn't brother it to a son. He wanted me to be a spy for the Soviet Union at the New York World's Fair of 1939, which he evidently expected to be a hub of espionage and maybe it was. He looked like photographs 10 years later of Rudolf Abel, the Soviet agent who was exchanged for Gary Powers on that bridge. He wore very thick spectacles that magnified his eyes and gave him a sinister look, reminding me of a character in the first version of Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. He put his face close to mine and asked in a low, soft tone. There would be, he said, any amount of money, but I must realize that once I entered their employ I could never leave it. I would be at the World's Fair in Flushing that year, the next year I might be in China. He talked about "iron discipline" as a hint my to recruit someone like me—my made it clear on nothing, so during the Warholian. I was terrified I was home and telephoned Jack, who had been in Boston for two months and of whose return I was beginning to dream. "I can't tell you what's happened," I said, "because my phone could be tapped this month. But if you don't come home right away I'm going to be a spy in Flushing and then in China and you'll never see me again." I hung up. He came home and we got married and no one ever again asked me to be a spy. *

CHECKING IN WITH P. G. WOODHOUSE

(Continued from page 37) work?" "Oh, yes, I got a lot of letters sent to me. They're mostly about quite old. [They are, in fact, usually as old as the one that appeared in *The New York Times* that June a few years ago.] "At the state of the career you can't remember Woodhouse," the review began. "You can only remember me." I always read them with great interest because you get tips from them. Now, that last letter told me that [James and I] *The Thin Book* was criticized by me and that I was dangerously close to self-deception. I knew what he meant. I had compared James and Doris—James always seeing some poetry or something. I'd earned it, cut it down, but on the next one."

"Just because of that one critic?" "Yes," he replied, "but with a little spontaneity." "Well, I do think you can learn from criticism, and I've a pretty good critic myself. I know where something isn't as good as it might be."

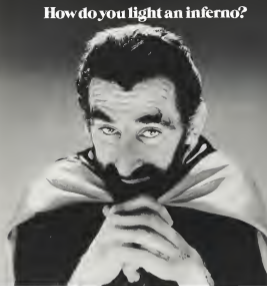
The check in Woodhouse's fiction seems to be predominantly set at 1965, but the volume could just as well take place in 1915, 1965—or 1925. "Are you aware

of being, or do they take place in the 'twenties'?"

"Edmundson, I suppose." He seems uncertain. "Is that, and I express the opinion. It's that when you think they take place."

"Well, between the wars, rather," Woodhouse finally decides. "I try not to date them in at all, but it's rather difficult. I've had at remembering them, like when they became fashionable. He stays and grows. Much as he likes his own style, he has a way of looking at the quality of fantasy in his fiction. He tries to think that he is willing to have his words with a fancy about. "The critics have never liked the world. I write about never existed, but of course it did. It was more alive between the wars. They say there are no Jews now. But they were there then. So days. Even Doris Wootton is out of the line, getting a bit sharp-tin. In a way it's hard to write the sort of story I do now because it's really so self-fashioned. That's what I do, that doesn't seem to matter."

Did people actually wear spats in the 'twenties?' The question is irrelevant, but Woodhouse is so concerned, and occasionally as punctate, on the subject



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standards of the time—and this time, too, for that matter—Wodhouse was outrageously paid. The Post, which circulated twenty more of his novels after *Swallowing Fire*, kept raising the price, making a high of \$40,000 in 1938. There was probably no year in his lifetime that Wodhouse's income was not well over \$100,000, and one year it totaled something like \$300,000. Despite a very comfortable life-style that included a live-in brother, a cook and several maids, and despite the constant solicitations of the Internal Revenue Service—use of Wodhouse's tax disputes eventually wound up in the Supreme Court, which decided against him—Wodhouse managed to keep and invest much of what he made. For an important man, he is very knowing about money. "It's a helluva nice thing to have," says his agent, David Meredith. "He has vast, vast numbers of blue-chip stocks, twenty thousand shares of A-T & T, that sort of thing."

After their stay in Hollywood, Wodhouse and Ethel moved to France, where they bought a house in Le Touquet, a resort town on the English Channel. Although they could easily have moved to England during the German invasion in 1940, they could not think how to get their dogs around England's air-seal with dog certificates. While they were pondering, the Wehrmacht pulled up at the door. "Oh, everything happened so suddenly," Wodhouse remembers, "and we aren't very good at organizing things. Until the Germans arrived, there didn't seem to be any danger at all." He was handed off to so many others—Ethel was not particularly interested in being taken in by an American camp for older men in Upper Alsace. When his description, the army would have had a military role than that of a civilian, was a reported machine "looking back to it, it wasn't at all unpleasant," he says. "The camp had an extraordinary nice atmosphere, and we did all sorts of things, like, 'We played cricket, that sort of thing.' With the guards looking over his shoulder, he would send addresses, he, in fact, wrote two novels.

In 1940, a few months before his actual birthday, Wodhouse, like all members of the war, was released, and he joined Ethel in Berlin. The American press had been warned about him ever since his capture, and CBS Radio asked him to go before the microphone to tell what had happened. The Germans, who knew what kind of high-profile report they might expect—what kind of propaganda value it would have—obeyed with a smile. They were not disappointed, and Wodhouse made his capture sound so minor, even that Bernie Wodhouse's being controlled by the town committee for a rubout at the Ritz-Royal Arms. "I was standing along with my wife and several other who loved her value and said: 'Don't look now, but later comes the German army.'" It was humorous, if somewhat embellished, stuff, but in England Wodhouse was for a time placed with such leaders as Lord Haw-Haw. Bernie's own propaganda machine absorbed

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Coming Up in June Esquire

Previewing '76: Who's the Cleanest of Them All?

The next President of the United States will need charisma, money, and organization to get nominated and elected. What else is new? Well, he will likely have to survive unprecedented scrutiny by the press, his opponent, and you, a voter fed up with dirty tricks, laundered money, broken promises, and skeletons in the closet.

Which of the leading contenders will face first in the harsh political sunlight of '76? Next month, Evans and Novak will investigate the likes of Kennedy, Ford, Percy, Rockefeller, Richardson, Reagan, Wallace, Jackson, Mondale, and other potential Best Not. They will add up the debits and credits and give you an early sign as to who'll prevail in '76. So here when the closet doors swing open.

In Pursuit of Secret Ingredients

What's really the difference between the taste of Coke and the taste of Pepsi? What makes Kentucky Fried Chicken different from all others? What's in the new Pineapple Sauce, Tobacco Sauce, A-1 Sauce? What is Miracle Whip, anyhow? To answer these questions, Esquire assembled a panel of experts and asked them what makes things taste like what they taste like. James Beard, Waverly Root, Roy Andros, de Grèce, and James Villas go out on their limbs next month.

Susan, by Philip Roth

In June, Esquire will publish a chapter from Philip Roth's forthcoming novel, *My Life As A Man*. The town around town is that it will stand as one of Roth's finest books and an early peek is yours in June.

PLUS: A new look at Josephine Baker by Dotson Rader, a loving look at Edward Gorey by Alexander Theroux, observations on Poland by David Halberstam, Esquire's Featherlight Forty-five, the best and brightest in ballet, and a sizzling discussion of a little-known, never-published, X-rated book by none other than Dr. Seuss. And that's not the half of it, honest.

"unpopular and pressing issues" provided in the standard food shorts located in any city of the United States could distribute "country food" and so longer than four days. [The absolute minimum time for properly cured and aged hams is about 100 days, and consumers wouldn't touch one less than a year old.] Food migrants would most surely be in a position to do some more brilliant things with the ham than they already have: supermarkets all over the country would make a killing by selling still another mass-produced pre-aged meat to the stacks of rubber bologna, pork salami, plastic chicken, and hot dogs permeated with artificial preservatives. And, if gone without saying, the U.S.D.A. would back up its trade with the fact that every citizen would finally have the opportunity to sample a very safe regimen (called *hake*) product hitherto unavailable on a nationwide basis. As for the small producers and their authentic country hams—oh well, neither would be around that much longer and, besides, who would really eat them?

I find it curious, though not surprising, that while we fight for freedom and justice and reasonable personal and social rights, we never do much more than issue our voices in daily oral violations committed against something so seemingly unimportant as the food we put in our mouths. But I think it's about time for those of us who truly believe food to assist creativity and express an interest (and a deep concern) in helping somebody somewhere to curb the insane underdrinkings of the technologists. I've only afraid it's too late to stop their work on single foods, but there is still time to bring a halt to what the technologists would do to the specialty items we enjoy. Such-and-such things are not inevitable, but they are bound to continue as long as those who profit from them perceive not only official sanction but official encouragement, and so long as those who oppose them remain isolated and unaided. At present there's a serious problem with country food. But that's just one example, and I wouldn't doubt for a moment that the culprit are already overextending themselves to propose standards for New England apple cider, Louisiana gumbo and jambalaya, Texas chili, Brunswick stew, California napua—things people love to eat and which cannot be tampered with. In short, consumers (except if regulated) here suffered from a chronic affliction of the backbones, and unless we act a fast remedy we'll be left with the same sense of defeat as those soundly offered by another John Chard: "We are strong, alas, and we deserve what we have let ourselves be led to. We have let the technologists tell us into dependency, and we have then let ourselves accept dependency as a norm. From technological norms." ■

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